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THE German Fascist victory is now virtually complete. The Stahlhelm has not been given time to organise resistance, and the Brunswick incident suggests that Hitler may be able to manage the opposition from his right just as Mussolini overcame the resistance of the regular Italian Army when it objected to Fascist swashbuckling. Our Berlin correspondent gives a first-hand account of the events of a week in which Fascism has consolidated its power and made the transition from a terror of black-and-tannery to a legalised and systematic attempt to destroy the whole German working-class movement. The persecution of Jews which has aroused the indignation of Jews and Gentiles alike in foreign countries, and which has developed into retaliatory campaigns of boycott, is in reality only incidental to the Fascist counter-revolution. Fascism is the most violent and undisguised phase of the class-war: its assault upon the mild and constitutional Social Democrats is just as fierce as its attack upon Communists. Whether Hitler can succeed as Mussolini succeeded we may legitimately doubt. Much depends on whether Fascism spreads throughout Central Europe: therefore the situation in Austria to-day is the key to the European crisis.

On the Razor-Edge in Austria

An abortive protest strike by the printers of Vienna has failed to save the Austrian Socialist press from preventive censorship. This muzzle was the Government's reply to the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, perhaps the ablest of Socialist papers of the Continent, which had dared to publish certain documents that had figured in parliamentary debates. These were orders of the day issued by Prince Starhemberg to the *Heimwehr* (the Monarchist and Clericalist party army), in which he disclosed his plans for upsetting the Socialist municipality of Vienna by a *coup d'état*. Everything seems to be ready, including the trains that are to concentrate his men on the capital. He will hold his hand only if the Government itself dissolves the Republican Schutzbund and replaces the municipality by a Commissioner. Otto Bauer, the Socialist leader, while still offering to collaborate with the Government, promises armed resistance to any attempt at counter-revolution. In this triangular duel the growing Nazi forces, which desire not a Habsburg restoration but union with Germany, may play a decisive part. Democracy in Austria, ringed round by Fascist states, seems to be nearing its last hour. Strong representations by the British and French Governments could probably save it. If they keep silence Fascism will have got the bridge it needs for the military control of Central Europe.

Fascism and British Labour

Leadership could scarcely fall lower than in the response to this crisis made by official British Labour. The Manifesto issued last week-end by the National Joint Labour Council betrayed no realisation that the issue is the destruction of the working-class movement throughout Europe. It does not surprise us at all that the Labour

Party and the Trades Union Congress should be unwilling to make a "united front" with Mr. Maxton's I.L.P. and the Communist Party; for these bodies have engaged in a continuous campaign of vilification of the Party and Congress leaders, and show no sign of any readiness to change their tune. Nor has either of them any considerable following in the country as a whole. What surprises us is not that the "united front" is rejected, but that the issue should be treated purely as one of parliamentary democracy versus dictatorship. Certainly, it is the right strategy for the Labour Party to use parliamentary methods; certainly, parliamentary democracy is in desperate danger to-day and well worth saving, both for its own values and for the sake of the Labour movement. But the Manifesto is void of international consciousness, and it makes no attempt to explain to the working classes what the situation is or to put forward any policy of its own. It ignores the mass of discontent with existing leadership, and leaves the way open in every area for the spread of violent doctrine. If the "united front" is not the right policy for British Labour in face of the Fascist reaction, then the only way of saving the unity of the movement is to explain why, and to offer some alternative plan of action.

Disarmament for Ever

The League of Nations is now the stronger by the formal secession of Japan. She has now formally given notice of her resignation (to take effect two years hence) in a note of remarkable effrontery which declares that her policy in China is inspired by the same zeal for peace as the League's. Her seat on the Council will remain vacant through these two years; the problem of her Mandates in the Pacific will loom unsettled, and at the Disarmament Conference, in so far as she participates, she will demand increased armament, both for herself and for Manchukuo. The Conference, meanwhile, has unanimously adopted the British draft as a basis for discussion. The debate fulfilled Mr. Churchill's prediction; everyone hailed the genius of the draft and then proceeded to rend it in detail. Some delicately hinted that the draftsmen had been partial to themselves. Others stressed the failure to deal with the private traffic in arms and to introduce budgetary limitation. Some opposed the permission to continue bombing from the air for police purposes in "certain regions." Poland asked whether the provisions for security supersede the covenant. France opposed the re-arming of Germany, and Germany demanded absolute qualitative equality. Amendments are pouring in, and the cheerful estimate of the *Times* that the Conference will require at least two years to debate the ninety-six articles of the draft shines by its moderation.

Revision by Barter

The Duce's plan for the Revision of the Peace Treaties is still unpublished, but before the world can read it it has been transformed out of recognition. What Mussolini intended was presumably a re-settlement to be dictated by the four Great Powers of the West. One may doubt whether they could have agreed, or if even their joint force could have coerced the lesser Powers. But change on any scale without dictation seems wholly impossible. France insists that any procedure for revision must move "within the framework of the League." The League's rule is unanimity. If Poland and the Little Entente have any territory that they wish to give away the League will doubtless bless the transaction, but the emphatic and formal protest issued by the Little Entente this week forbids us to cherish any illusions as to its state of mind. Mr. MacDonald's stout denial that he had contemplated the surrender of Tanganyika is now followed by a formal British *démenti* in Lisbon of any design to transfer Angola to Germany. There are two ways of revising a territorial settlement: dictation and barter. France will not countenance the former. But is barter possible? The defeated States have nothing to give away.

Mr. Roosevelt's Troubles Begin

As long as American opinion was paralysed by the shock of the banking collapse, Congress was ready for unquestioning obedience to the President. There are signs, now that the big banks are open again, and the panic is beginning to pass, that Mr. Roosevelt will not long continue to have matters all his own way. Wall Street and big business are both critical; and Congressmen are again mobilising the forces of obstruction in the old familiar way. Mr. Roosevelt, as far as his plans can be discovered at present, means *inter alia* to embark on a policy of Government spending out of loans in order to stimulate investment and employment. Something is to be done to provide public funds for the relief of the unemployed; there are plans for a sort of National Labour Corps to be used on work of public importance. These projects savour too much of Socialism for the tastes of the financiers and corporation presidents who backed Mr. Hoover; and, while it is certain that Mr. Roosevelt, far more than big business, has the general body of public opinion behind him Congress may not be easy to manage, especially when he comes before it with any request that involves thinking internationally. So far the closing of insolvent banks has administered a further stiff dose of deflation to the American business world. What is needed is some, but not too much, inflation, combined with courageous public capital expenditure, and a wise handling of the debt question and other European problems. Mr. Roosevelt's will is good enough; but what of his strength?

The Indian Debate

The three days' Commons debate on the Indian White Paper will make its acceptance by all save the ultra-loyalists among Indian Moderates a little less likely than it was. Faced by the revolt of Mr. Churchill and his friends, the Government was compelled to emphasise the safeguards in the scheme till the self-government almost faded out of sight. That was the general effect of Sir Samuel Hoare's careful speech. Sir John Simon, after saying rather more flatly than anyone else that if half the princes fail to enter the Federation there can be no advance at the Centre for British India, went on so heavily to emphasise the continued responsibility of the Secretary of State for the recruitment of senior police officers that the transfer of "law and order" in the provinces seemed to be, when he had finished, little more than a matter of form. On behalf of the Labour Party, Major Atlee's attack on the White Paper included a demand for the release of the political prisoners. Colonel Wedgwood, in a typically unorthodox speech, stressed

very properly the ultra-conservative character of this constitution which will hand India over to its propertied interests. Sir Herbert Samuel for the Liberals was wholly uncritical. Lord Wolmer, with ruthless vehemence, and Sir Robert Horne in the manner of an anxious doubter, prepared the way for the fiasco that Mr. Churchill's grand attack proved to be. In India, meanwhile, a whole-hearted attack on the scheme in the Chamber of Princes by the Jam Sahib (" Ranji ") and the Maharajah of Patiala has not improved the prospects of federation.

Self-Government for the West Indies

A Colonial Office Commission is now touring Trinidad, the Windward and the Leeward Islands, to investigate the possibilities of closer union between all or some of them. It finds itself faced instead with a determined demand for the abolition of Crown Colony Government. No part of the Empire has a better case, since nowhere are the " natives " so educated and so responsible. The descendants of the original Caribs are a dwindling remnant, and the West Indian population (eighty per cent. of whom are descendants of African slaves) talk English, and occupy positions in all branches of the Civil Service and the professions. Of five K.C.'s in Trinidad to-day only one is a white man. In the early days Crown Colony Government was in the interests of the newly emancipated masses. To-day the autocratic authority of the Governor and his Executive Council has become an anomaly. In the advisory Legislative Councils the majority is composed of officials, who vote on the instructions of the Governor, and nominated members who are not in a position to speak freely on behalf of the mass of the population. Remarkable demonstrations against this now quite unsuitable system of Government have recently taken place. Just how it works in the eyes of an educated West Indian can best be judged from an admirably written pamphlet, *The Case for West Indian Self-Government*, by C. L. R. James (*Hogarth Press*, 1s.).

White and Black Law

East Africa is to be inflicted with still another Commission. The Legal Adviser to the Colonial Office, who has been appointed Chairman, has already sailed and will meet his colleagues on the Commission when he arrives. These consist of the Attorney-General for Kenya, the Puisne Judge, Uganda, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Tanganyika, and Mr. McLellan Wilson, once a missionary, now a settler at Kyambu. The Registrar of the High Court of Uganda is the Secretary. It is only right, of course, that the law should be strongly represented on a Commission whose purpose it is to inquire into the law and its administration in our East African territories. What is surprising is that all consideration of native law is expressly excluded from the terms of reference, and that no one familiar with native law and the sanctions which give it validity has been nominated to the Committee. There can be few officials who have not experienced occasions of serious conflict between our laws and those of the tribes whom they administer, or who have not found that the strict application of our laws may result in a grave abuse of justice. Very frequently what seems criminal to us seems blameless to a native, while natives punish crimes which are in our eyes harmless or impossible. In a recent case, native opinion demanded the punishment of a man who confessed and indeed boasted of the crime of inflicting a severe drought upon the district. He was eventually dealt with by the white man's law on a charge of " interfering with the Municipal water supply "! The Commission to inquire into the administration of law in such circumstances would have an interesting and important task. It is surely irrational to exclude from its terms of reference the essence of the problem it has to investigate.

The State and the Unemployed

The two deputations which have interviewed Ministers this week about the position in the depressed areas received very little encouragement. The Minister of Labour met their demand that the Government should bear the whole cost of maintaining the unemployed by pointing out that, over the whole country, there has been during the last few years a slight fall in expenditure on the unemployed out of rates, whereas the expenditure out of taxation has greatly increased. The Minister of Health met the demand for uniform national scales of relief in an equally unconvincing fashion; and the deputation of M.P.s for the distressed areas went away to concert further measures. The Government is now confronted with a memorial signed by sixty Members of all parties demanding that the State shall take the whole responsibility for the able-bodied unemployed up to the age of sixty-five. The following day's deputation from the local authorities fared no better at the same Ministers' hands, except that they secured a promise that the Government would make a statement on the question of the depressed areas before the Easter recess. The whole problem is, of course, closely related to the general " economy " issue, as well as to the reorganisation of unemployment insurance. There can be no real solution until a definite attempt is made to relieve the position of the depressed areas by putting, at any rate, a section of their unemployed back into useful work.

The Dagenham Strike

The strike at the new Ford works at Dagenham was soon over. Beginning as a spontaneous stoppage in protest against wage reductions by the Ford Company, it threatened at one point to develop into a struggle over the recognition of Trade Unionism. The Ford Company here, as in America, still pursues the policy of refusing to recognise Trade Unions, but this does not prevent a substantial proportion of the skilled workers employed at Dagenham from belonging to Trade Unions. The strike committee dominated by Trade Unionists wished to stand out for recognition as well as for the restoration of the cut in pay, but the mass of the strikers, including a large element of non-unionists, especially in the less-skilled grades, threw over their committee and consented to negotiate directly with the management. This led to a compromise partly restoring the recent cuts in pay. The Ford workers have gained something in the matter of wages, but the failure to establish the claim for recognition of the Unions concerned gives another indication of the progressive weakening of the position in the craft Unions in the newer mass-production industries. In these new industries there is no room for any form of Trade Unionism too narrow to appeal to all classes of workers, skilled and unskilled alike.

GERMANY'S MAGNA CARTA

(From our correspondent in Berlin)

LAST week was so crowded with events in Germany that it is only this week that one can sit back for a moment and contemplate their meaning. The Potsdam parade on Tuesday, the Prussian Landtag decision on Wednesday, the Enabling Act on Thursday, and Captain Göring's address to the foreign press on Saturday, have each an importance of their own. They reveal the outlines of the militarist dictatorship which, based upon the defeat of Germany's old confessional federalism, has established itself in Berlin to-day.

The Reichstag elected on March 5th was due to assemble on Tuesday, March 21st. For the first time since 1918 a small, yet an absolute, majority had been obtained for the Right by the dexterous manipulation of a Communist scare. So great an achievement, it was felt, deserved applause more resounding than the dull formality of the business meeting of deputies which was to occur in the afternoon. The new rulers of Germany, therefore, decided to stage the most solemn of all their pageants. This was described in the Government press as a "pilgrimage" to perform the "Holy Act" of Potsdam; the destruction of the 1918 revolution was to be symbolically indicated. This very parliamentary ceremony packed Potsdam with immense crowds of exhilarated visitors, but I noticed that the working-class was absent from this celebration of national "resurrection" and the end of class strife. The excitement of redemption was reinforced by the suggestion of danger all but overcome; police armed with carbines stood on guard on the house-tops, at the station, and at other strategic points. Meanwhile Nazis sold, for ten pfennigs, the latest pamphlet published by Dr. Goebbels, the Minister for National Enlightenment; on its cover were the words: "The Jews demand the assassination of Hitler," but the pamphlet in fact contained only the usual list of Jewish embezzlers and extravagant Socialists under the Weimar regime. Two days after Potsdam Dr. Gereke, a minister in Hitler's Cabinet, was also arrested for embezzlement.

The deputies assembled at 5 p.m. on the 21st to elect their officials, then adjourned until Thursday (the 23rd). Before all things the Nazi patriots are the enemies of liberalism; having dragged it on its knees to Potsdam, they now forced it to die on its own sword in a disused opera house. The passing of the Enabling Act on March 23rd was as much a matter of *force majeure* as the general election on March 5th, but both were formally legal. The Reichstag was asked to vote full powers of legislation to the Hitler Cabinet until April 1st, 1937, or so long as this Government remains in power. This proposition, destructive of the very basis of the Weimar constitution, required a two-thirds majority. The eighty-one Communist deputies, most of them now political prisoners, had not been invited to the Reichstag, but ninety-four out of 120 Socialist deputies were present. The passing of this Bill, therefore, depended upon whether the ninety-two Catholic deputies would vote for or against the Government. Up to this very moment they seemed still to hold their proverbial key position. The Centre traditionally supports authority, but only on the condition that that authority accepts the restrictions of legality. Since Hitler has been in office the Centre has been protesting with all its force against the abandonment by the Government of legality, in favour of legalised terrorism. At last, on March 23rd, the Catholics also succumbed to the intimidation they had hoped to curb. The Centre leaders were led to believe that if they did not positively support the Government, sufficient Socialist deputies would be arrested to make their support superfluous, and terrorism would subsequently intensify, not relax. The leaders of the Centre strove to win some promises in return for their votes, and the Enabling Law was passed by 441 votes to ninety-four. The Nationalist press, acclaiming Germany's Magna Carta, outdistanced all the iconoclastic historians who have sought to discredit the Barons of 1215.

The period of rule by Presidential decree has thus been ended, and the Presidential brake, for what it was worth, has been destroyed. The Nazi Chancellor and his colleagues have acquired an unlimited responsibility, and the speech in which Herr Hitler demanded this prerogative becomes of peculiar importance. The Chancellor is, on the whole, a man of simplicity and sincerity, who convinces himself as easily as he convinces large numbers of his hearers. Neither he nor they seem aware of the brilliance of paradox which forms the basis of his oratory —Thursday's insistence, for instance, at one moment on the people, not persons; at another upon "private initiative and the recognition of property." Still less do Hitler or his audiences observe the discrepancy between the pacifism expressed in his speech and the systematic persecution of pacifists throughout Germany as the enemies of that "soldierly conception" which has been enthroned in the return to the black-white-red colours of the Hohenzollern Empire.

The discrepancies in the Chancellor's speech are reflected in the personnel of his Cabinet. While the dismissal of Hugenberg and the other Nationalists is hourly expected, the emphasis on private property, to which I have referred, seems to prolong Hugenberg's ministerial career. The ruthless violence of Captain Göring is viewed askance by his Nationalist colleagues. During the period of the worst Nazi terrorism both before and after the general and communal elections (March 5th and March 12th), it was conspicuous that Hitler and Papen were anxious to suppress the worst excesses, while Göring seemed determined to fan the flames. On Wednesday the Prussian Diet met; its chief business was to elect a Premier for Prussia, so that the Commissarial invaders of July 20th, 1932, may make way for a legal Cabinet. It was at first hoped that the Commissarial Premier, Papen, was to be elected, but the Commissarial Minister for the Prussian Interior resented the hope. An open clash, which might even have led to a serious breach and, some said, to army interference on Papen's side against Göring, was avoided by the adjournment of the Diet; it is now expected to meet early in May. This, like the Nazi seizure of the non-Prussian states, or the Nazi disbanding of the Stahlhelm in Brunswick at the beginning of this week, is a Nazi victory at the expense of the Nationalist favourite at the Presidential palace, yet it is difficult to feel justified in exactly equating the Nazi movement with Captain Göring. Though Hitler is often found in Nationalist company, his mysterious power over the Nazi organisation seems undiminished.

The National Revolution of Germany was undoubtedly

carried through with speed and efficiency, but a more detailed inquiry into the past to which it can already look back is a gloomy experience, while the future of National Socialism has little consolation to offer. On Saturday Captain Göring received the foreign press to denounce its indictments of the new Germany. His statement was singularly unconvincing; he declared that the revolution of 1933 had been less atrocious than that of 1918. In view of his party's denunciation of the 1918 revolution (when, however, many of the worst barbarities were due to the resisting reactionaries) this was as unconsoling as the remarks current in German Government circles to-day, to the effect that after all the September massacres were worse, and why does the Anglo-American press tease the Germans to-day as the German press teased England during the Boer War? Indisputable facts have been accumulating to show that the new Germany is built, not merely upon lies like that of the Fourteen Years of Marxism, but upon horrible cruelty—inflicted not upon an enemy in war nor even upon a formidable rival, but upon the members of a weak and broken Left. It is characteristic of Captain Göring's methods that a number of Social Democrats were imprisoned merely because the disreputable incendiary Van der Lubbe had implicated the Socialist Party. Two days after their release had been vetoed in the Reichstag sitting of March 21st, the first juridical statement on this matter was published; it completely exonerated all non-Communists from any complicity in the firing of the Reichstag. But there were some deputies of the Left who were absent from the Reichstag last week for other reasons. The Socialist Sollmann, editor of the famous *Rheinische Zeitung*, once a Cabinet Minister, and as good a patriot as Germany knows, was in hospital owing to injuries inflicted upon him by Storm Troopers. The story of his treatment is almost too horrible to relate; he was beaten unconscious, then brought back to consciousness by a burning torch held under the soles of his feet, then spat at, tormented in other ways, beaten again, and left helpless in a coal-cellar from which the police rescued him. It is not known whether he will recover. Sollman was one of countless victims, but it seems that the worst beatings and castor oil dosings ended somewhere about March 12th; it is interesting, and to some extent satisfactory, to find that the German Government which has freed Germany from slavish subservience to the foreigner should be sensitive to the distaste which foreign correspondents in Berlin have been unable to conceal. It is probable that this inability has done something to cause the Storm Troopers to be restrained. It has certainly led to a tardy revelation that Thälmann, Torgler and Renn are alive. The interplay of foreign criticism and internal development is always a delicate business; the circulation of unjustifiable rumours has on this, as on all similar occasions, done great harm, but the sworn statements (made to solicitors) by victims thrashed in Nazi barracks with dog-whips and steel wands cannot be dismissed as fairy-tales. It was dangerous to confess to any suffering of the kind. Popular passion is just now being directed rather against Jews than "Marxists," and here again there is hope that, in spite of threats, the Hitler Cabinet is afraid of foreign censure, especially when it comes from the "Anglo-Saxons" of England or America.

With regard to the future, one can only make a few cautious observations. The Left is smashed; this means, quite apart from the destruction of the political power and organisation of the Socialists and Communists, that most of the pacifist, intellectual, and aesthetic conceptions, which we are accustomed to regard as the most precious fruits of civilisation, are completely discredited in Germany to-day. People associated with these conceptions are being deliberately deprived of position, influence and income. The influence of Goebbels, especially over the children now at school, is something incalculably great. Propaganda, and the power it gives, make Goebbels in a manner as much a dope-fiend as his colleague Göring is alleged to be. It is terrifying to observe how easily he can "ramp" the people. Yesterday the Marxist ramp, to-day the Jews, and to-morrow—perhaps a foreign enemy. But now something more than torchlight processions, and the appointment of Schachts in place of Luthers, must be done. There are to be fat cards and compulsory labour service. The Trade Unions are still awaiting their fate; it will be of an Italian nature. Brüning's fiscal system, once the butt of Goebbels' most venomous rhetoric, has been extended by the Emergency Decrees of March 18th. Meanwhile the Hohenzollerns participate in Holy Acts. Restoration, described in Hitler's speech on Thursday as not at present a subject for discussion, is appreciably nearer. To embrace the last of the old symbols would also be to escape from some of the gigantic responsibility created by the Enabling Act.

THE MULTIPLIER

WHAT is the relation between a given amount of loan-expenditure, the number of men to whose employment it will lead, and the relief to the Budget?

In my recent articles in the *Times* and in my pamphlet "The Means to Prosperity,"* I started off, on the authority of others, with £500 as the expenditure on typical works required to give one man-year of employment on the spot, and £200, or thereabouts, as the amount required, including employment on the materials used and on transport and other incidentals. These are, of course, average estimates of figures which would vary according to the particular nature of the works. No grounds have been given for questioning their reasonable accuracy as rough guides to the magnitudes involved, and I have allowed a margin to satisfy those who would cut them down moderately. The employment thus created by the expenditure on the capital works themselves, including transport and materials, it is convenient to call the "primary employment." Similarly employment, given by the increased expenditure of taxpayers who have been relieved as a result of increased Government borrowing, can be also reckoned as "primary employment."

I then proceeded to argue that this primary employment sets up a series of repercussions leading to what it is convenient to call "secondary employment." I stated that in my own judgment the secondary employment would be *equal* to the primary employment, i.e., that the multiplier of primary employment to give *total* employment was 2; but, to be on the safe side, I took it as being a half, i.e., a multiplier of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and then, as a further precaution against various contingencies reduced it to a third, i.e., a multiplier of $1\frac{1}{3}$.

In two interesting letters, published in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, these calculations have been seriously called in question. Mr. Ronald C. Davison thinks that I have exaggerated my case, inasmuch as "the indirect effects of the expenditure disperse themselves in so many ways—in thrift,

* *Macmillan*, 1s.

in imports from abroad, in rent, in the employment of women and juveniles, in supplies from accumulated stocks, and, most of all, in the slightly increased employment of men and machines whose previous under-employment was in no way reflected in the unemployment register." Another correspondent, signing himself "D," makes much the same objections—"Materials, land, legal costs, compensation, all take their toll. But if we grant him the figure, what is his next assumption? That all the men employed by the new expenditure will come off the dole. How can he believe this? Does he regard production as manned by a minimum *personnel*, incapable of executing a new order except by taking on a new man?" These points are, in principle, perfectly sound. But, if it were not for these deductions, my estimate of the primary expenditure needed to lead to one man-year of employment would, as we shall see, be much less than £150. The question to be considered is whether I have made adequate allowance for them.

The passages quoted above involve two distinct objections. In the first place my critics point out that not all the additional employment will occupy men now supported by the dole. This objection does not, of course, affect my estimates of the additional employment and the additional income. But it is obvious that allowance must be made for it in calculating the relief to the Unemployment Fund. I took £50 as the gain to the Exchequer for each man-year of diminished dole, which already left some margin if we are calculating in terms of male adult workers, upon which my starting points of £500 and £200 were based. For, if we take a complete average, including juveniles and women, the figure would, on the basis of the 1932 figures, be £48·3 (namely £44·2 as the average annual cost of an unemployed person *plus* £4·1 as the average annual employer's and employee's contribution in respect of an employed person). I am not competent to estimate precisely, nor do my critics suggest a figure, as to what adjustment should be made in respect of extra employment which would not relieve the Unemployment Fund. But we have to remember that much part-time is now arranged so as to obtain the benefit of the dole, and that the primary employment would largely occupy men who are not now employed at all. It will be easy, however, when I have given below the general basis of my calculation, for anyone to make such adjustment as he may think prudent, and to judge whether, as I believe, I have reserved a sufficient margin to cover this contingency.

The second, and more fundamental, objection relates to the magnitude of the multiplier. I cannot complain of this objection since I did not attempt in the space at my disposal to develop my argument in detail. But since I believe that it can be stated in simple terms, I will now attempt to do so.

The primary expenditure of an additional £100, provided by borrowing, can be divided into two parts. The first part is the money which, for one reason or another, does not become additional income in the hands of an Englishman. This is mainly made up of (i) the cost of imported materials, (ii) the cost of goods, which are not newly produced but merely transferred, such as land or goods taken out of stocks which are not replenished, (iii) the cost of productive resources of men and plant which are not additionally employed but are merely drawn away from other jobs, (iv) the cost of wages which take the place of income previously provided out of funds borrowed for the dole. The second part, which is the money which does become additional income in the hands of an Englishman, has again to be divided into two portions, according as it is saved or spent (spending in this context including all the direct additional expenditure of the recipient, including expenditure on the production of durable objects). To obtain the multiplier we simply have to estimate these two proportions, namely, what proportion of typical expenditure becomes someone's income and what proportion of this income is spent. For these two proportions, multiplied together, give us the ratio of the first repercussion to the primary effect, since they give us the ratio of the second flow of expenditure to the initial flow of expenditure. We can then sum the whole series of repercussions, since the second repercussion can be expected to bear the same ratio to the first repercussion, as the first bore to the primary effect; and so on.

The abstract argument can be illustrated as follows. Two years ago, when the dole was being financed out of borrowed money, this fact required a substantial deduction, which is no longer necessary, in calculating the proportion of expenditure which becomes additional income. Two years hence, if employment is much better than it is now, it may be necessary to make a substantial deduction in respect of resources which are merely drawn away from other jobs; for the smaller the pool of unemployed resources, the more likely is this result from increased expenditure. I am not disposed to make much deduction at any time for goods taken out of stock, since stocks are seldom really large and the sight of depletion soon stimulates replenishment. *In existing conditions*, therefore, I should say that a deduction of 30 per cent. for expenditure which for one reason or another does not increase incomes, leaving 70 per cent. accruing to one person or another as current income, would be a reasonable supposition.

What proportion of this additional income will be disbursed as additional expenditure? In so far as it accrues to the wage-earning classes, one can safely assume that most of it will be spent; in so far as it increases profits and salaries and professional earnings, the proportion saved will be larger. We have to strike a rough average. In present circumstances we can surely assume that at least 70 per cent. of the increased income will be spent and not more than 30 per cent. saved.

On these assumptions the first repercussion will be 49 per cent. (since $7\times7=49$) of the primary effect, or (say) one half; the second repercussion will be one half of the first repercussion, i.e., one quarter of the primary effect, and so on. Thus the multiplier is 2, since, if I may take the reader back to his schooldays, he will remember that $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+$ etc. $=2$. This was the sort of reasoning which lay behind my estimate of the multiplier. The amount of time which it takes for current income to be spent will separate each repercussion from the next one. But it will be seen that seven-eighths of the total effects come from the primary expenditure and the first two repercussions, so that the time-lags involved are not unduly serious.

It is to be noticed that no additional allowance has to be made for any rise of prices which the increased demand may bring with it. The effect of higher prices will be gradually to diminish the proportion which becomes new income, since it will probably be a symptom that the surplus resources are no longer so adequate in certain directions, with the result that a larger proportion of the new expenditure is merely diverted from other jobs. It is also probable that higher prices will mean higher profits, with the result that, more of the increased income being profit and less of it being wages, more of it will be saved. Thus, as men are gradually brought back into employment and as prices gradually rise, the multiplier will gradually diminish. Moreover, in so far as wages rise it is obvious that the amount of employment corresponding to a given expenditure on wages will also gradually diminish. These modifications, however, would only become relevant as and when our remedy was becoming very successful. A given dose of expenditure at the present stage will, for several reasons, produce a much larger effect on employment than it will be prudent to expect later on when the margin of unused resources is reduced.

The actual calculations of my first article were based, however, on a multiplier, not of 2, but of $1\frac{1}{2}$ or $1\frac{1}{3}$. In existing circumstances, therefore, I left myself a very wide margin for various contingencies. To illustrate this, let us consider the effect on the multiplier of certain other assumptions. If we were to assume that each of the two proportions is 60 per cent., the multiplier works out at about the figure of $1\frac{1}{2}$, which I actually took as my working estimate; yet it would seem very improbable that either proportion can be so low as this to-day. If, on the contrary, we were to expect that the proportion of the primary expenditure which becomes income and the pro-

portion of the income which is spent are each 80 per cent., the multiplier becomes nearly 3 (as those readers who can still do arithmetic will easily verify), in which case the total benefit to the Exchequer might be greater than the *total* primary expenditure. I believe myself that it is chiefly in estimating the proportion of expenditure which becomes additional income that we have to be cautious ; and the estimates, which I should feel happiest in making, would be based on some such assumption as that not less than 66 per cent. of additional expenditure (whether on new capital works or on additional consumption) would become additional income in the hands of an Englishman, and that not less than 75 per cent. of this additional income would be spent ; whilst I would more readily increase the latter proportion to 80 than the former proportion to 70.

Let us now return to our opening figures and do the sum again on the basis of proportions of 66 per cent. and 75 per cent. respectively, allocating our various margins to specific contingencies instead of leaving them in an unallocated pool. On this hypothesis, British incomes will be increased by at least two-thirds of a primary expenditure of £100, i.e., by £66. Let us suppose that two-thirds of this increased income, i.e., £44, will accrue to men previously supported by the dole, which means about one-third of a man-year of increased employment taking the average wage at 50s. a week. (This is the point at which those who lay stress on the importance of increased employment which does not relieve the dole must substitute a smaller figure. But on present evidence I believe that the figure I have taken is quite low enough.) If 75 per cent. of the increased income of £66 is spent and if 66 per cent. of this secondary expenditure again serves to increase incomes, and so on, then the total employment created by our primary expenditure of £100 will be two-thirds of a man-year ; from which it follows that £150 primary expenditure will provide one man-year of additional employment for men now supported by the dole, which is the figure I previously adopted. The careful reader will perceive, however, that the total increase in the national income, resulting from £150 additional primary expenditure, will, on the above assumptions, be £300, which is more than I assumed previously and therefore gives an additional margin in calculating the total relief to the Budget sufficient to allow us to reduce to £40 the above figure of £44 out of each £100 expenditure accruing to men previously supported by the dole, if we feel that we need some further provision against the proportion of the new employment which will fall to men who, for one reason or another, are not now drawing the dole. In any case, if the reader considers some other set of figures more probable, I have here provided him with an apparatus which will enable him to work out the answer on his own assumptions.

The argument applies, of course, both ways equally. Just as the effect of increased primary expenditure on employment, on the national income and on the Budget is multiplied in the manner described, so also is the effect of decreased primary expenditure. Indeed, if it were not so it would be difficult to explain the violence of the recession both here and, even more, in the United States. Just as an initial impulse of modest dimensions has been capable of producing such devastating repercussions, so also a moderate impulse in the opposite direction will effect a surprising recovery. There is no magic here, no mystery ; but a reliable scientific prediction.

Why should this method of approach appear to so many people to be novel and odd and paradoxical ? I can only find the answer in the fact that all our ideas about economics, instilled into us by education and atmosphere and tradition, are, whether we are conscious of it or not, soaked with theoretical pre-suppositions which are only properly applicable to a society which is in equilibrium, with all its productive resources already employed. Many people are trying to solve the problem of unemployment with a theory which is based on the assumption that there is no unemployment. Obviously if the productive resources of the nation were already fully occupied, none of the advantages could be expected which, in present circumstances, I predict from an increase of loan-expenditure. For in that case increased loan-expenditure would merely exhaust itself in raising prices and wages and diverting resources from other jobs. In other words, it would be purely inflationary. But these ideas, perfectly valid in their proper setting, are inapplicable to present circumstances, which can only be handled by the less familiar method which I have endeavoured to explain.

J. M. KEYNES

A LONDON DIARY

ANTI-SEMITISM is no new thing in Germany. Massacres and burnings at the stake, desecration of synagogues and violation of cemeteries, robberies and confiscations, compulsory herding in Ghettoes and the wearing of a badge of shame—these were for centuries characteristic of the life of Jews in Germany as they were in other countries of East and Central Europe. The Nazi outbreak is particularly reminiscent of the German Jew-baiting in the 'seventies, when a pamphlet by Wilhelm Marr anticipated Hitler's declaration that no Jew could be a German citizen by demanding the "elimination" of all individuals in the State who were not of Germanic origin. But the anti-Semitism of the 'seventies and 'eighties slackened in the 'nineties, though it is true that Jews were still excluded from Government service, University professorships and Army commissions until the war of 1914. Hitler's anti-Semitism is therefore the continuation in a particularly vicious form of an old tradition. The fact that Karl Marx was a Jew (though a baptised one) and some of his followers and some of the capitalist war-profiteers were also Jews, is used as a pretext for denouncing a Jewish plot against society. "In defending myself against the Jews," says Hitler, "I fight for the work of the Lord." His *Mein Kampf*, 1932 edition, contains ravings about

> the black-haired young Jew, waiting with satanic joy on his face for the unsuspecting girl whom he will pollute with his blood and thus steal from her race. . . . As he himself systematically destroys women and girls so he does not shrink from tearing down barriers wholesale for others. It was and is the Jews who bring negroes to the Rhine, everywhere the same ulterior motive and clear aim—to hurl the white race from its cultural and political heights and climb as ruler into its place.

One Nazi song, much sung in the Universities, runs :

> Wenn's Judenblut vom Messer spritzt,
> Dann geht's nochmal so gut.
> ("When Jewish blood spurts from the knife, then it is still better.")

When, as a result of such propaganda, Jews in every station in life are mobbed, beaten and stabbed, it is not much use for Dr. Goebbels to complain of being provoked by a Jewish international attack on Germany. The American and Anglo-Jewish community have shown a good deal of restraint : they have waited for full confirmation before making their protest, and they have with them in every civilised country a great body of opinion which is not inspired by Jewish propaganda and which remains friendly to Germany even while it protests. It is the friends of Germany who feel most nearly the stain upon her national honour.

* * *

Until now, even in her most Prussian days, Germany has been a centre of European culture. But what are we to say of a country which breeds Einstein and then mocks him as a Jew ? I was shown the other day a list of German Jews of international reputation : considering their numbers they hold an astoundingly distinguished place in literature, music, art, science and in scholarship of every kind. It used to be said that English people had to go to Germany to hear good music. To-day Bruno Walter is not allowed to conduct in his own country. He is announced shortly to appear in England. I hope that England may reap many such benefits from the Nazi hatred of the mind and intellect. If England restores her old right of asylum to political and racial refugees we may gain as much to-day as we did when Louis XIV drove the Hugenots from France. The right of asylum nowadays is complicated by unemployment, but every pressure should be

brought upon the Government to make it as easy as possible for Germans to find refuge here.

* * *

If the human race, or at any rate the English part of it, spent a very small fraction of the time and trouble on improving itself that it spends upon improving the breed of animals, we might all by now be Shakespeares and Beethovens or, if that were—as it probably would be—preferred, Hitlers and Mussolinis. Think what we have done for our horses, cows, pigs, sheep, dogs and cats. And now we have started on the mice. The annual mouse show, held last week at St. Albans, would have been an eye-opener to many people whose acquaintance with the animal is limited to the plebeian house mouse which disappears with a skurry and flurry when you open the kitchen door. The mice-fanciers have bred some sixty different show varieties from this humble, but voracious, plebeian, and the "points" of a mouse are as elaborately laid down as are those of a cocker spaniel. The champagne-coloured mouse must be solid in colour like the red cocker, and the toe-nails of the black mouse must, like the nose of the black cocker, be black.

* * *

There are some first-rate sites for office buildings which are being mysteriously neglected: the Inns of Court (especially the Temple), Queen Anne's Gate, Bedford Row, Bedford Square, Victoria Square, Mecklenburg and Brunswick Squares, Chesterfield Street, Crewe House, Bridgwater House, White's Club and Boodle's, Park Crescent and the Regent's Park terraces. So long as these vestiges of the barbarous past remain intact, London can hardly claim to be an up-to-date city. However, a gallant effort is being made in Westminster to keep up with the times, and two handsome new blocks of office buildings are planned for Abingdon Street and Great George Street. The latter may not be very noticeable, as it is no taller than the neighbouring Ministry of Health, but the Abingdon Street building promises to be magnificently conspicuous, overlooking Old Palace Yard, and visible from as far up Whitehall as the War Office. Seriously, it is grotesque to impose a uniform limit on the height of London houses: there are sites like the one in Abingdon Street where a nine-storey building is most offensive, there are others, in Park Lane for instance, where a twenty-five storey building might look well. If London is not to become as ugly as Berlin, the L.C.C. must be given new powers to control and plan, and the Royal Fine Art Commission must be reconstituted and given some authority. At present it disguises its impotence as complacency, and the merely "advisory" powers it possesses seem to serve no useful purpose.

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Messrs. Pinchin, Johnson and Co., Ltd., for whom the new building in Carlton House Gardens is being built, are circularising architects with a tactful reminder of their activities. It is a portfolio of pencil drawings entitled "Changing London."

* * *

Society gossip is the best of bed-side reading. When I am tired I like to think of all the work that is being done by the fortunate people who do not have to do it for a living. I take this from "Marianne Mayfayre's" column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

> Heroine worship is sweeping Mayfair. . . . Among the much discussed topics is that of Lady Melchett's resemblance to Greta Garbo. . . . It was in one of the busiest homes in Mayfair that I was told about this ball. In one corner Lady Birkenhead was struggling with correspondence for her various charities: elsewhere her elder daughter, Lady Eleanor Smith, was busy writing and making plans for the Circus Ball. It was only by turning off the wireless in the drawing-room that her sister, Lady Pamela, was able to find a quiet corner in which to talk about her particular ball.

* * *

May I remind the many readers who write expressing their enjoyment of "carrots" that I rely on them for a good supply? The crop fluctuates violently. CRITIC

IN THE SPRING

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the social life in the twentieth century has been the almost entire disappearance of jokes about Spring poets. Towards the end of last century the penny comic papers were full of these. The very mention of a Spring poet made office boys laugh. The Spring poet seemed to the knowing youth of the cities to be a kind of imbecile who went more than usually off his head at the appearance of the first crocus, and who forgot to get his hair cut because the primroses were out. He got shouted after in the streets; at sight of him, bus-drivers leaned down from their seats and whistled the hairdressers' anthem. In the manufacturing towns the mill-girls as they passed gave tongue and let him know that he was a pariah among civilised people. This was very good for those of the young who had an ambition to write poetry. Rather than face the jeers of the multitude, most of them quietly abandoned the Muses and settled down to earning a more or less honest living. Thus there were eliminated from the ranks of the poets all but the bravest and those best fitted for the great task of writing verse. And even those who continued to write were constrained for the most part to keep very quiet about it except in the company of a trusted friend. To a friend the young poet might hand his latest verses, but he did so with the air of one confessing his guilt. Thus poetry was kept a private affair, as it ought to be until it is exceedingly good—a mystery demanding of its initiates a long and secret preparation.

Possibly, it was the schoolmasters who changed all this. They began to encourage the young not only to read poetry but to write it; and boys were taught that it was almost as natural to write poetry as to play football. So it is, I suppose, but I doubt whether boys should be taught that it is also natural to show their poetry to other people or to print it. The poet, like the boy in love, is a solitary in his soul, cut off from the majority of his fellows. His raptures are his own affair and should not be communicated except under compulsion, if it is only the compulsion of friendship. One trembles at the prospect of a world in which everyone describes to everyone else his latest feelings about the moon and daisies and trees and his soul.

One of the strongest arguments against the modern open-and-above-board attitude to poetry is the fact that the more Spring poets have been encouraged and the more youths and maidens have become Spring poets, the less we seem to enjoy and appreciate Spring. When Spring poets were mocked at in the music-halls, Spring was a season of enchantment. The singing of the first birds, the breaking-out of the almond-tree into tiny wings of light, the skipping of an infinitely white lamb not too far away from its less white mother, the glistening of buds in the sun, the flowing of waters after rain—these were the circumstances of a world created anew; and the magic entered our veins. But we were not encouraged to turn our raptures into rhyme for the general eye. Bliss was it to be alive. That was enough for us.

Consider, in comparison, the modern attitude to Spring. We have now become more outspoken—one might even say, outwritten—but we have lost the old jubilation about which to speak and write. Evidences of this are visible on all hands. During the week, for example, I was looking over a newspaper and came on an article about Spring, signed "A Physician." Being a Victorian in my upbringing, I naturally expected to find a noble panegyric of the Spring as the season in which the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale and man emerges from the pit of Winter into the joy of the sunshine. I expected, at the least, to find something cheerful about red and white corpuscles and a cry of delight over the prospect of more sun-bathing. Instead of singing the praises of Spring in the old Shakespearean and Victorian way, however, "A Physician" begins: "Spring is a dangerous time of the year. We must be prepared for chills and colds, asthma, skin troubles, eye inflammations, and nervous irritability."

In vain for us, apparently, will daffodils begin to peer : they will only be harbingers of skin troubles. The song of the chaffinch is beautiful but, if we heard it aright, might it not be bidding us beware of asthma? We may be looking forward with anticipatory delight to the full moon of Easter ; but let us not forget, as we think poetical thoughts about her wanderings, that the time of eye inflammations, as well as of the singing of birds, is at hand.

I am not an enemy of medicine. I owe my life to that noble profession, and I would not at a crisis exchange a doctor's prescription for a manuscript of Wordsworth. At the same time, I prefer the ways of the old-fashioned physicians who cured the ills we had to those of the modern physicians who fill our thoughts with diseases we have never had but might have. "Prevention is better than cure" is a good motto, but it should not be prevention through terrorism. Why should the Spring be clouded for us by warnings about skin troubles? Let us be poets, not potential patients, for a season.

But how is it possible to maintain the poetic afflatus when we are told by "A Physician" : "When nature bursts into activity, poisons, hibernating in odd and mysterious places, decide also to come out with the buds. Their liberation, under the influence of the sunshine and the subtle spell of Spring, entails irritation and inflammation of the channels through which they emerge"? This is certainly not the Spring we used to know. When I look out of the window and see the hyacinths in flower, I cannot believe that this is what is happening to-day. There is no scent of poison in the golden air, no hint of poison in the song of the thrush. Yet I am told that I am in such imminent peril from these seasonal poisons that I must take three glasses of barley water or lemonade daily in order to combat them. "Season of barley-water!" What an opening for an Ode to Spring, even if the King of Spain's daughter rhymed with it! And worse is to come, for the devotee of birds and flowers is warned immediately afterwards : "Remember the virtue that there is in the raw carrot." If Browning had but known this, he would have realised that there are certain advantages in not being in England in April.

I am not sure, indeed, that life is quite worth living in a Spring like that which "A Physician" paints for us. A barley-water-drinking, raw-carrot-eating Spring seems to me to have few points of superiority over an ordinary bad winter. I always liked to think of Spring as the season of release, when one ceased to have to take care of oneself and the health of the world was restored. "A Physician," however, seems to suggest that we should be more careful then ever. We must take exercise, but must be careful not to take too much. We may lighten our clothing, but must take care to "graduate" it. And Spring, it appears, has dangers for the mind as well as for the body. "Spring irritability and depression," we are told, "are not alone due to the bodily upset ; there is a mental aspect to be considered. The mind needs its Spring cleaning, too. When Spring is in the air, the mind, which knows no chains, takes a leap ahead of the body, encumbered as it is by the toxins of faulty living. Temporarily, body and mind are not in correspondence—there is disharmony." I quite agree that there is disharmony, but this, I think, is merely a result of the revolt of the spirit of man against having to work in heavenly weather that suggests that we ought all to be as happy as angels.

I doubt if there would be any disharmony between my body and my mind just now if I had private means. As it is, simply because I am a wage-slave, I am missing nuthatches and goldfinches and all sorts of things, and the knowledge that I am doing so produces what is called "Spring irritability and depression." I am irritated because I have not time to go into the country and compel those people who assure me that they have already heard the chiff-chaff to produce a chiff-chaff as evidence of the truth of their statement. The physician thinks that I need a tonic, but all the tonic I need is the sight of a brimstone butterfly. "Lime-water," says the physician, "a tablespoonful for adults and a teaspoonful for children, three times a day, is one of the best Spring tonics." I cannot agree with him. The new moon is better ; a green woodpecker is better ; a bee going from hyacinth-bell to hyacinth-bell is better ; even a blasted heath at this time of the year is better. The modern world is really getting too pessimistic. I expect that by the end of another twenty years we shall discover that Spring is not such an unhealthy season after all and that, without the help even of a tablespoonful of lime-water, April will be laughing her girlish laughter once again.

Y. Y.

THE POOR MAN IN THE COURTS

THE poor man, like the rich man, is no more safe from litigation than he is from a street accident. Whilst he may well go through life without either, both may befall him at any moment.

And how does the poor man fare when he does litigate? So far as civil litigation is concerned, we all have a vague and comforting belief that something called "the Poor Person's Department" looks after him ; but that is only partly true. For the purpose of explaining the poor man's position in civil litigation we can divide him very roughly into two classes, those with under £2 10s. per week and those with between £2 10s. per week and, say, £10 per week.

For the less poor of these two classes no provision of any kind beyond that of casual or organised charity is available ; and for the poorer class the provision is woefully inadequate. Poor litigants in the High Court may resort to the Poor Person's Department for aid if they have virtually no property and if their total income is an extremely small sum, varying a little according to the size of their family and their living expenses ; I have taken the figure of £2 10s. as a fair average. But, admirable as is the work done by the Poor Person's Department, it meets only a fraction of the need of the very poor, for two reasons. In the first place, it only serves persons whose litigation can be instituted in the High Court, and it is probably correct to say that 97½ per cent. of poor litigants are concerned in cases instituted in inferior courts, and are thus excluded from the benefit of the Poor Person's Department ; landlord and tenant, affiliation and maintenance, minor accidents, workmen's compensation cases, disputes about personal possessions, and many miscellaneous matters, are "county court cases," and the poor man has no official help, not even the remission of the relatively very onerous court fees. But even the remaining 2½ per cent., who do find themselves in the High Court, have their difficulties ; the remission of court fees and the careful and devoted service of solicitors and barristers are theirs, but they are expected in almost every case to deposit in advance, to cover out-of-pocket expenses which will probably but not certainly be incurred later, a sum which is seldom less than £5. Not a few of the little fragment of 2½ per cent. are excluded by the operation of this rule, for there are millions of people in England who have never known what it is to have a whole £5 available, and litigation may descend upon any one of them at any moment.

How do the 97½ per cent. fare in the inferior courts? A few of them get help of a kind, at a price, from speculative lawyers and spurious "legal aid societies." A few more get help from charitable organisations who struggle with the difficult task of supplying them with solicitors and counsel and the even more difficult task of finding the money to pay the court fees. The bulk of them abandon the struggle in despair ; if they have a grievance which they ought to present as plaintiffs, they leave the grievance to rankle, and go without justice ; if they are defendants, they submit dumbly and in silent fury to defeat because they cannot fight. And the evil multiplies itself in sinister fashion, for it happens only too often that men whose just claims would be quickly conceded if they once issued a summons to enforce them find them resisted by astute and unconscientious opponents for no reason at

all save the belief that they cannot find the money to issue a summons and take the case into court; and some men, too, are made defendants to doubtful claims which would never be asserted if they were thought capable of employing a solicitor to represent them in court.

So much for the poorest class, the most numerous class, the class that most needs help; in the result perhaps a little over 1 per cent. of them receive official assistance; a few more are helped by sporadic charities; the rest go under.

Is the next class much better off? Not very much. Those who are just not poor enough to be helped by the Poor Person's Department will often be refused help by charitable organisations on the ground that, if their financial position is such that official help is withheld from them because in theory they can afford to pay lawyers and it is not right to deprive lawyers of their fees, unofficial help should in general be refused on the same ground. The man with £3 per week, if he could somehow spare 10*s.* a week, would take twenty weeks to save £10; and one cannot get much legal help for £10 when there are court fees and other out-of-pocket expenses to meet. Even if such a man can, somehow, sometime, by crippling himself, raise the money to pay for litigation, there is even then something wrong with a system which renders the onset of litigation more deadly for the innocent victim than the onset of disease, and makes it in general more costly to be sued by one's landlord for possession than to be heavily fined for driving a motor car to the public danger. Society is reluctant to let men die of disease merely because they are too poor to pay a doctor's fees; but it seems to remain unmoved whilst just rights die for want of legal aid.

If the poor litigant in civil cases is in sad straits, what of the litigants in criminal cases, the men accused of crime? They are all presumed to be innocent until their trial is over; and whilst that presumption is often rebutted, many accused are, nevertheless, innocent. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, 1930, which became law by the lucky chance of a place in the private members' ballot, makes some provision, generally at the discretion of the magistrates, for furnishing legal aid to accused persons; but in the police court itself, where every case starts and nearly every case finishes, they will only be provided with legal aid if it appears to the court that "by reason of the gravity of the charge or of exceptional circumstances it is desirable in the interests of justice" that they should have such aid. It is a regrettable fact, but true, that only too many benches of magistrates do not like defended cases; and in actual practice the great majority of accused persons in England are not defended by solicitors or counsel. A wave of indignation passed over England a few years ago when it was discovered that accused persons in Ashanti who wanted lawyers to defend them could not have them; but is England any better, if many accused who want lawyers to defend them cannot get them unless they pay, and they have no money to pay?

The air is full of talk of reform in our courts; but attention is always paid first to the most articulate complaints, and reformers seem to concentrate at present on the more costly litigation, little being heard in public of the grievances of the poor litigant, which in private are poured out to the listener in heart-breaking sentences. Even the modest suggestion that there should be power in the County Courts to remit court fees to poor litigants has been rejected on the score of expense; poor men pay heavily to approach the seat of judgment, and there seems to be no hope of a liberal interpretation being given to the first statute printed in our "Statutes at Large," which is worth quoting:

> To all . . . our faithful subjects. . . .Greeting. Know ye that we, unto the Honour of Almighty God, and for the salvation of the souls of our progenitors and successors Kings of England, to the advancement of holy Church, and amendment of our Realm, of our meer and free will, have given and granted to . . . all free-men of this our realm, these liberties following, to be kept in our kingdom of England for ever . . .
>
> We will sell to no man, we will not deny or defer to any man, either Justice or Right.

D. N. PRITT

OUR HOUSING STUDY VISITS

[Lack of space unfortunately prevents us from printing in full all the letters from readers who took part in the three housing study visits arranged by this paper. Clearly the visits were greatly appreciated, and we take this opportunity of acknowledging many expressions of gratitude. Below we print extracts from some of the letters we received which raise points that have particularly interested members of the visiting groups. —ED., *N. S. & N.*]

MISS C. KETT, 13A Cunningham Place, N.W.8.

There are certain things that always strike me about housing in England; they struck me on this visit as well: That British housing is hide-bound by tradition to a lot of back-breaking, time-consuming contrivances that date back to the dark ages, such as the "kitchener," with its infinite amount of black-leading and nickel to polish and its relative ineffectiveness as a clean, economical cooking contrivance; the "copper" system for washing clothes; hooks in cupboards when it is a rail and hangers that are needed; the double system of scullery *and* kitchen, which wastes space and steps, and so on. One finds other errors in other countries, but these are peculiarly English, and I was surprised to see that a greater effort had not been made in the new housing schemes to break away from some of these hoary traditions and to institute more rational methods. It was a pleasure to see electrical apparatus for household use brought within the reach of the people in Father Jellicoe's flats; and a shock to find a block of new flats in the Kensington area without electricity. My great complaint about all the places we went into is that *the rooms are too small*. No such impression of cramped quarters is given in the new housing that I have recently seen in Berlin and Moscow. "It is so much better than what the people were moved from," is, of course, the answer. But I have resided in working-class quarters in America, Germany, France and Russia, and nowhere else do I have the impression of having my temples crushed in that I do in similar dwellings in England and Wales. The working population here has, in my estimation, been accustomed to inhuman standards of restraint as far as space is concerned. Watling we did not "see inside." Welwyn was just as bad about tiny rooms as the town schemes, I thought. Of all the things we saw in London, I liked Father Jellicoe's scheme most, because of the effort at gaiety—the use of imagination. As a general thing, however, I felt that the architects of these places needed more advice from practical, competent women in arranging their interiors and amenities. Having to drag coal down to the washing copper in the common wash-house in the court, from one's own coal-hole on the third floor, as in a Kensington block, is sheer nonsense. Having no pram-sheds for the use of the families on the upper floors of some of the Somerstown flats is another horrible oversight. Numbers of other minor details that make for comfort and convenience could have been better arranged if a house-keeping-soul had brooded over the plans. . . . One's impression is that the new housing schemes are less than a drop in the bucket. It is with a certain shame that one compares their paucity with the impressive effort made in this direction in Germany and Russia. One feels that, by comparison, Britons lack boldness and imagination. I was, for example, sorry to see Vienna housing blocks being copied instead of new plans being worked out to meet the different needs of this climate. In Vienna, with its clearer air, its brighter light, balconies are no drawback. In London they are a menace to health and happiness unless they are arranged on the set-back system employed in France to prevent over-shadowing of the floors below.

MISS C. A. PATTISON, Little Braxted, Witham, Essex.

The most profound impression made on me was the great value of and important duty of supporting the housing efforts of such undertakings as the St. Pancras House Improvement Society and the Kensington Housing Trust. My reasons for this are as follows: (1) People are rehoused in decent conditions in their own normal environment, which in most cases they prefer. (2) Rents can be kept at a lower level than is possible with the municipal undertakings. (3) The vast new housing estates (of which we visited one, and of which I know one other) lack "soul." After first joy in the ideal material surroundings, the householders find this is not everything. They are *bored*. Everything possible is done by those planning for or working for these great undertakings, but the life in them seems artificial. "I would rather be back in my two little rooms, Ma'am, than down here. I am

London born and bred, and we were never ill up there. I say London is the best drained and most healthy place in the world!" These remarks must not be taken as in any way disparaging the work of the L.C.C. housing schemes, or of any others (I am myself a member of a municipal housing committee). They have been, and still are, necessary, while the slum problem is still so vast. But I beg of you to urge all those interested in housing improvement, and nowadays surely they are all the people of this country, to help forward those small societies already in existence, by taking shares in their undertakings, or by starting new ones in new neighbourhoods of London or our other great cities where terrible housing conditions are known to prevail.

S. NEWSOME, 26 West End Lane, N.W.6.

Was most struck by flats on Viennese model (St. Pancras)—interesting to know why this type is a comparative failure here. Convinced that slum clearance and rebuilding in same area is more useful than estates such as Downham—fares too heavy. Most interesting "gadget:" the electric drying apparatus in its attractive form. One-room flatlets for old couples a great idea.

MRS. D. SINCLAIR, 22 Beaufort Gardens, N.W.4.

My personal conclusion is that, failing a real national housing policy, the Kensington and St. Pancras housing schemes are quite the best way of dealing with the problem as we have it. The rents seem high when one knows what the tenants earn, but that applies, I think, to all working-class housing. There is such an aroma of religious propaganda about the St. Pancras scheme that one wonders what was the fate of even the most deserving of free-thinking families among the displaced tenants of the old houses.

MRS. E. PEARCE, 71 Park Lane, N.16.

St. Pancras Scheme. Closure of redundant street a good idea. Helps to solve the problem of gradual rehousing as the old property is being demolished. *Kensington.* Particularly interested in the rebate system for unemployed. Public Assistance Committees can allow rent only up to 12*s.* 6*d.* per week. Many of our people are paying 18*s.* 6*d.* in L.C.C. flats. The extra shillings on the rent, of course, bring down the average living allowance for each person. Therefore L.C.C. and Borough Councils should build now while money is cheap. The rebate scheme could then be followed. *Welwyn G.C.* My first visit. Left with the impression drawn between the "sheep and goats." Such a beautiful place, planned from the beginning, need not, I think, perpetuate class distinction, which in time breeds slums.

MRS. H. WEIGALL, 41 Oakley Street, S.W.3.

Everyone who desires to effect "economies" at the expense of nursery schools should be forcibly persuaded to see for himself the valuable work that is being done. It would be of great interest if some records could be kept of the later progress of those whose childhood has been influenced by the beauty and order of these nursery schools. It would be interesting to know whether in connection with housing improvement schemes there are any facilities for the tenants or prospective tenants to become actual shareholders, by means of some savings-bank or other system.

MISS A. E. BALDOCK, "Senga," Bear Lane, Farnham, Surrey.

One point emerged with such force that I mention it despite its obviousness, *i.e.*, the enormous difference in rentals of working people's dwellings in London proper and provincial towns. It makes the case for Welwyn Garden City a very easy brief to handle.

MISS ELIZABETH B. MITCHELL, Biggar, Lanarkshire.

St. Pancras Scheme doing wonders for those who must stay on the spot. Individual touches cheering, coloured pottery in back courts, parrot ventilator in nursery school. Exquisitely neat old lady's one-room flat. High tenements cannot be ideal for families, but best that can be done here. *Welwyn Garden City* now beginning to show what it was meant to be, a beautiful and varied town with housing, work, and social opportunities all on the spot under good conditions.

MISS O. STEELE, Chinbrook Road, Lee, S.E.12.

(1) The spacious courtyards provided make the flats so attractive, both for children and adults. (2) The balconies one would suggest should be more open for this climate appeared to cast too heavy a shadow. (3) A serious fault was the bedrooms leading one into another—of course, a saving of money—but is it a wise saving from a moral point of view? (4) The pleasant colourings and decorations will help to educate an appreciation for beauty. (5) The nursery school was a pure delight to us all. (6) The superiority of a planned suburb (Watling Street) as compared with the horrors of the jerry-builder. (7) In Welwyn we were particularly struck by the way in which the grassy paths and trees were cared for and not damaged by the children. Also the charming squares and alcoves in the roads.

K. T. SPENCER, Senior Staff Mess, R.A.E., Farnborough, Hants.

The new flats we were shown in the Euston area are not only an immense improvement upon the houses they are superseding, but also an improvement upon the majority of middle-class flats available in the middle of London. A flat I recently had in Abbingdon Road, Kensington, at £75 p.a., was very much inferior in all ways to the single room flats at, I think, about 9*s.* a week which we were shown in one of the new buildings.

JESSE HAWKES, The Crest, Hill Field Road, Hemel Hempstead.

The result in my case is to make me wish quite strongly that you could shepherd the whole Parliament—Commons and Lords—into a similar experience, with a double dose at the morning end (St. Pancras and Kensington).

Correspondence

1914—1933

SIR,—Sir Norman Angell rightly indicates the necessity for some consistent principle as the basis of British Foreign Policy. I submit, however, that the principle which he advocates does not take sufficient cognisance of the realities. If there is one reality in Great Britain in the matter of war and peace, it is that this country will not go to war for the sake of preventing war and in obedience to international dictation. Nor, it may be incidentally observed, will the British Navy and Army fight except for a cause in which the inspiration and support of national approval is behind them.

There are, it seems to me, three different principles, each of which might form a basis for British Foreign Policy, the primary object of which is world peace with due regard to British interests.

In my view, the worst principle is that advocated by the more extreme supporters of the Covenant of the League of Nations. These gentlemen outspokenly advocate war to preserve peace. In this the country would never support them, so that their policy is an impracticable one. From their point of view, it is only a legal quibble which stands in the way of our being at war with Japan at this moment. Notwithstanding the facts that the Assembly of the League has given its decision to the effect that Manchuria is an integral part of China, and that Japan is invading Manchuria with an army controlled from Tokio and is being resisted by a Chinese army controlled from Nanking, Japan is, according to international lawyers, not at war with China. Otherwise Article 16 would apply, and all the members of the League would automatically be at war with Japan, and be, moreover, bound to sever relations between Japan and non-members of the League. In fact, the present situation in the Far East has demonstrated the failure of collective action to prevent or to stop war.

The second principle is that of insurance of national security by means of alliances. There is much to be said for this principle, which is likely to avert any war short of a great conflagration. It has its dangers from the possibility of dragging us into a war in which we may have little interest; as, for instance, a war which might be caused by the critical question of Danzig, East Prussia, and the Polish Corridor. This principle is really a modified form of the collective-action principle, more practical since we should not form alliances except with nations whose interests coincided, in some degree at any rate, with our own, and more advantageous to us in that we should receive the support, if necessary, of some nations in our own policy.

The third principle is the isolation principle. If this principle were adopted we should retain a free hand as to war and peace, and should not go to war except in support of some fundamental British interest and in accordance with the will of the British

Empire. It is true, as history shows, that in the event of a war in which many nations are involved, we should probably and eventually become involved ourselves, but history provides many instances of war between great powers without other nations necessarily being involved. The corollary to the adoption of this principle is that we ourselves shall approach as nearly as possible the ideal of invulnerability. This is not so difficult as appears as first sight. Since our armaments are for defence only, it is to our sea power that the greatest attention must be given. We are the only great power in such a position, so that we need have no fear as to a competition in naval armaments. The United States of America may be left out of the question in this respect. No serious student of national defence has advocated that we should endeavour to compete in naval strength with the United States; such an idea is merely a bogy raised for tendentious reasons. It would, however, be necessary not to renew the London Naval Treaty which expires in 1936. This Treaty not only restricts our Navy as to size, but the lack of elasticity in its provisions prevents us from getting the best value for our money. The adoption of the isolation principle would save us from the friction brought about by the everlasting International Conferences. For fifteen years they have been tried, and have served merely to rouse fears, suspicions and jealousies between the nations. They have caused, generally speaking, an increase of armaments and a diminution of security.

Is it not time that, in our International Policy, we should adopt the principle that experience and human nature recommend to us in our private lives? That is to look first to self preservation, and, having made that reasonably secure, to do what we can to preserve world peace and harmony, to help our friends in their difficulties, and, should war unfortunately break out, to use our influence to confine it within as narrow limits as possible.

30 Bullingham Mansions, Church Street, W.8. SYDNEY R. FREMANTLE, Admiral

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SIR,—The tumult and the shouting die away; the still small voice of reasonable criticism begins to be heard, and no longer harassed from morning till night by the insistent importunities of press reporters, I have time to try and answer Mr. D. J. Thomas's acute and categorical questions. The answer is really that "the Oxford motion" was a motion for debate by a debating society, though this has been generally overlooked. It has served to give dramatic expression to the extreme pacifism of many of my generation; it does not serve to define precisely the method by which peace is to be preserved.

In all probability the immortal 275 of the majority would, broadly speaking, fall into Mr. Thomas's first three categories (I am not quite clear as to how precisely his fourth category differs from his second). That is to say that those who voted that they would in no circumstances fight for their King and Country consisted, first, of those who would not fight in another national war, even if this country were to be invaded (this point was specifically met in the debate by Mr. Joad), but who would welcome the use of financial and economic force against a covenant-breaking State, though of these some would object to the use of military sanctions. Second, of those who believe that the sanctions never will be put into operation, and therefore think that the only way to end war is by a policy of man resistance. Third, of a few Marxists who would be prepared to fight in a civil war for the establishment of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, or for Soviet Russia, if attacked by a ring of capitalist States. I should be inclined to think that the second class formed the majority of the 275, though, of course, any such analysis of the motives of voters is open to question.

My own personal view has no inherent interest, but it is perhaps typical of an attitude of mind which is common at the present moment, an attitude not unlike that of the editorial footnote to Mr. Thomas's letter. My first political enthusiasm was for the League of Nations, and I was partly responsible for the foundation of a branch of the League of Nations Union in one of our oldest public schools. The fact that since September, 1931, the League has been unable to prevent a great Power tearing up not one, but three, "scraps of paper," coupled with a growing realisation that not a League of Nations but a League of *Socialist* Nations is required in order to preserve the peace of the world, has induced in me a mood of scepticism as to the possibility of real progress in internationalism under the auspices of the League of Nations as at present constituted, and compelled me to begin a search for some new pacifist allegiance. F. M. HARDIE

82 Ladbroke Road, W.11.

THE DICKENS OF A BUSINESS

SIR,—While I read with enjoyment "The Dickens of a Business," it included one or two statements which I should not like to see pass unchallenged.

It is a mistake to assume that all retailers are against gift coupons. Nearly 100,000 private retail grocers and allied tradesmen, out of an approximate total of 190,000, have signed petitions to Members of Parliament calling for the rejection of the Gift Coupon Bill. It is also unwise to be too dogmatic about the attitude of Co-operative Societies, for the coupon system is of the same economic genus as the Co-operative Dividend. It is a very general principle in business that where large quantities of any article are purchased a reduction in price is made. This principle is put into practice in various ways. For example, where goods are bought in large numbers on one order, by quantity discounts; where goods are bought piecemeal, either by a periodic "divi." on those purchased from the same shop, or by "gifts" when sufficient coupons have been collected from goods by the same manufacturer. It is difficult to see any justification for distinguishing between one form of these practices and another.

I do not think that "Donee" need worry about forecasting "the England of universal gift schemes," or be frightened lest the gift coupon "substitutes" a new system of distribution for the traditional one among the nation of shopkeepers. Any such revolution is highly improbable. The development of the coupon system is severely restricted by certain definite limitations—

(a) The articles which carry coupons are limited to those sold in small units at frequent intervals, and whose manufacture is subjected to the economies of mass production;

(b) The gifts cannot extend to things which are, for instance, perishable, difficult of delivery, or subject to a wide range of choice;

(c) The system itself is curbed by being in direct competition as an advertising medium with other means of advertising; as a method of distribution with other methods of retailing.

These checks can, I feel sure, be relied upon to stop its growth becoming a danger to our economic fabric.

Further, coupons are particularly useful for several reasons during a period of falling prices. The urge to adopt them will be lessened as the price level becomes once more stabilised or tends to rise.

Naturally the advent of new competitors, however circumscribed their competition, arouses opposition, and some of our biggest drapery stores have made great efforts to restrict gift coupon trading by legislation. Their attitude is that the manufacturer should stick to production and not, as part of his publicity, stray off into the sphere of the retailer. It is easy to understand this view, but it is not consistent with practice. Two establishments have recently told me that if I will buy my neckties and socks from them they will *give* me a free golf lesson.

The whole question is extremely complex and has now been referred to a Departmental Committee. May I suggest that until its report can be studied members of the general public should keep an open mind on this subject?

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham. L. J. CADBURY

MR. KEYNES'S PROPOSALS

SIR,—Your correspondent "D," replying to Mr. Keynes's suggestions for positive action to end the slump, seems entirely out of touch with the current situation, since he questions the fact of "idle money." He does, however, make one sound proposal. "Why not . . . put into distribution, every Friday . . . extra purchasing power which translates itself on Saturday into increased demand?" Then the wheels of trade would revolve. They would indeed. Only let us substitute an increase in Old Age Pensions for an increase in the Dole. The critics find every sort of objection to Mr. Keynes's proposals for public works. What valid objection can they find to a straightforward proposal to increase the amount or extent of Old Age Pensions? No one can doubt the immediate stimulus to trade with the consequent rise in the national income; and if the investing public, apprehensive of increased taxation, should show less disposition to save, is not this again precisely what is wanted? It is a main charge against Mr. Keynes's scheme that a large part of the beneficial repercussions will be lost in thrift. P. E. B.

SIR,—Without entering into the merits or demerits of Mr. Keynes's proposals, the argument of Ronald C. Davison that £500 of expenditure will only employ, directly and indirectly, one and one

half men per year, is extremely interesting. Assuming a wage of approximately £3 per week (a rather high average) all labour costs will amount to £225. It follows that imports, rent, interest and profits account for the remaining £275. It should be illuminating to have Mr. Davison's analysis of this latter figure.

Friars, Shoreham, Kent. A. T. D'EYE

SIR,—Mr. Keynes is wrong. Neither £200 nor £300 spent by the State or a local authority will employ a man for a year. To build houses or improve roads land must be purchased and a public authority is usually forced to pay the landlord heavy site value for worthless agricultural land. Various other property owners will then claim compensation and the lawyers will pile up legal costs, while Queen Anne's Bounty will ask for tithe. The mere hint of house building or road schemes will send the costs of materials up, out of which wholesalers and retailers will get each at least 20 per cent. profit. Interest on loans must also be paid. Under private enterprise it costs about £3 in rent, interest and profit for every £1 that is paid in wages. Nationalisation must precede work schemes. S. S. WILSON

Saffron Walden.

[Mr. Keynes replies to the letters addressed to him last week in his article above.—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

THE FUTURE OF INDIA

SIR,—The remark that "the insistence upon half the States joining the Federation also suggests to Indian minds the possibility of delay and intrigue," which appeared under "The Future of India," in your issue last week, is one the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. It is common knowledge that among all the Indian States there are only two or three the methods of whose administration approximate to Western standards. The others are managed by the superannuated Indian officials with outlook and ideas characteristically their own. The insistence of the British Government upon half the States joining the Federation and the insistence of nearly all the Princes upon the inclusion of essential safeguards to preserve their internal sovereignty as a condition of their entry into the Federation go to establish the inevitableness of delay and intrigue.

6 St. George's Terrace, Sheffield, 3. M. SIRAJUDDIN AHMED

THE PATH OF HISTORY

SIR,—The question raised by Dr. Fay is of the greatest importance to all historians. He asks whether historical research and study into the past enable us to understand the present better than any other method.

I am not convinced by his demonstration that Tawney-Unwin-Clapham and the Webbs think differently. That is true, but there are many things on which they think the same, and there is a central line to which over a given period they would, to a large extent, conform.

To turn to a somewhat different field of history, I should say that the political historians of the last generation interpreted their own age—and the nineteenth century—pretty well, but misinterpreted the present or at least the future. Lord Acton, for instance, pointed to the growth of representative government as a sign of progress, revealing the Divine plan to the world.

No one I think to-day will assert that the growth of representative government is necessarily a sign of the times or an index of progress. Yet I think that in the age from 1848–1914 it was a safe generalisation to make both in theory and practice. It was, I think, historically true that a civilised State did best (you see I indulge in no raptures) with a Parliamentary and Constitutional system.

It has been pointed out by Count Andrassy—the most intellectual of Hungarian statesmen—that those States which had representative government did best in the late war, while the despotic or quasi-despotic Empires—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Turkey—crumbled in the dust. Yet with the Bolshevik experiment at the end of Europe, with the Fascist at another, with the admittedly increasing growth of bureaucracy in England, and with the muzzling of the press and freedom of opinion everywhere, the signs do not seem to me to promise brightly for representative government and its implications, respect for the minorities, freedom of opinion and progress by discussion. Nor do I know that they would survive another war better than, or even as well as, the authoritarian States. It may be so, but I do not see the signs at present.

The Actonian doctrine, with its index of progress, does not fit the present age. Nor do lessons about dictatorships drawn from history and applied to men like Napoleon and the French Revolution appear to apply to the Bolsheviks and Mussolini. Time may show, but I do not think past history does. Indeed, history may be chiefly of use to prove that we do *not* understand the present.

Historians do not seem to me, *pace* Dr. Fay, travelling from Montreal to Toronto, with a choice of proceeding further on dry land. They have no such choice. They have had a long journey on firm ground, and seen the names of towns marked up, in a country familiar to them by its aspect and objects. So far, then, historians know where they are, for they are in the familiar past. But the present or future is unfamiliar to them; it is as if they reached a beach, embarked in a boat, and found themselves, in a very literal sense, at sea. They find an uncharted ocean, a gloomy sky, no stars or lights to guide them. Their only sense of direction is gained by looking back to the road on the shores which they have left. On the firm ground of the past the historian treads with safety and assurance. He finds the present a heaving sea, a floor which trembles beneath him and threatens to overwhelm him. Christ, indeed, walked the waters in safety, but it will be remembered that Peter did not. HAROLD TEMPERLEY

34 Lensfield Road, Cambridge.

ABILITY OR INFLUENCE?

SIR,—May I ask whether "Critic" is intending to be cynical when he writes in the London Diary: ". . . in a world apparently crashing to ruin for lack of ability to organise it, able young men have no right to risk their lives on so desperate a venture"? I am a young man of proven ability, academic and otherwise, with a kink for organising—but I am forced to eat out my heart in pursuits that have no real relation to the progress of the world. Let me tell "Critic" quite frankly that had I (to use Professor Laski's phrase) been careful in the choice of my parents, I might to-day be using my ability to the advantage of all and sundry. But because I do not hail from Mayfair opportunities are denied me.

Scores of other able young men share a similar fate. Disillusionment is the only too inevitable consequence of the first realisation of the true state of affairs. And what can such eager, capable young men do? Nothing, but climb Mount Everest—whether physically or figuratively.

Their lives mean little to anybody in this strange society of ours: why then should they not have the right to dispose of them as they will? "Critic's" objection might be valid if ability itself, and ability to use ability, were the real tests of social worth.

London, S.W.4. AN ABLE YOUNG MAN (aged 24)

LABOUR IN RURAL AREAS

SIR,—May I again trespass on your space to comment on the letters in a recent issue from Mr. Fordham and Mr. Hawkes. With the points raised, or at least with the spirit behind them, I am substantially in agreement; but both gentlemen, in common with the bulk of the Labour Party, belong to the school of thought which believes, in defiance of all the laws of probability and arithmetic, that the County Divisions can be won in the villages. They can't.

The policy which I most earnestly desire to see framed and expounded by the Labour Party is one which, while it is based to a considerable extent upon the needs of the Agricultural Industry and the workers therein, is not exclusively directed to that end, but embraces also the need for employment, housing, and the rest as it is felt by the bulk of the electorate in any rural or semi-rural constituency, namely, the inhabitants of the country towns. They have suffered the same neglect as the actual countryside in the purblind, industrial policy of the last century and a half; they are the strongholds of Tory reaction now, but it is there or nowhere that Labour can win its parliamentary majority. HELEN M. KEYNES

849 Roland Gardens, S.W.7.

CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION

SIR,—I have read the letter from Sir John Siddeley in your current issue and the editorial note attached to it. I am glad to

have Sir John's assurance that there is no justification for the statement that " there is not an aviation firm which is not producing, by arrangement with the Air Ministry, types of aeroplanes designed to serve military as well as civil purposes." In your issue of March 18th you made that statement on the strength of " a recent article in the *Engineer*." I have failed to find in our columns any article or words capable of being interpreted in the sense quoted. It is possible that you may have attributed the statement to us in error. In any event, I trust you will add to your acceptance of Sir John Siddeley's assurance, the acceptance of my assurance that the *Engineer* is in nowise responsible for the statement.

LOUGH : PENDRED,
Editor of the *Engineer*.

[Our reference was to a very interesting article, entitled "Aeronautics in 1932," in the *Engineer* of January 6th. Details were given of the military work done by aviation firms during 1932. We have already explained in our footnote to Sir John Siddeley's letter that no charge of " disguised arming " was intended against any British firm, but that we intended to emphasise that firms, which are usually thought of as civil aviation firms, are producing military machines for the Air Ministry and that some of them are producing, as Sir John Siddeley said, types of plane which, with modification, can serve for either civil or military purposes.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

CAVE DRAWINGS: A NEW THEORY

HISTORIANS of pictorial art generally begin with an account of palaeolithic cave drawings. These drawings are almost exclusively the outlines of various beasts, many of them with a weapon sticking into a vital place. And most historians of art explain these drawings in the same way. The doing of them, it is said, was a magical performance. The artist thought that if he could strike the image of a bison with the image of a spear, his own real spear would be mysteriously more likely to kill a real bison on his next hunt.

The last time I read this explanation was in Mr. Gerald Heard's mostly admirable " History of Ideas," in the *Outline* of Mrs. Mitchison.

Since the advent of Frazer, it has become fashionable to attribute all primitive activities to magic and ritual : it will be seen, therefore, that the colour of the current explanation of the cave drawings is a fashionable colour. Magic, like Mesopotamia, is a blessed word. Not, of course, that I would suggest there is any vagueness about it : on the contrary, magic has in this connotation a plainly defined meaning : it is a purposive performance, a primitive attempt at applied science. According to this theory, to draw a bison with a spear sticking into him was just as purposive a preparation for the hunt as to fit a new and sharper head to your spear.

But I have lately come to doubt this explanation of the palaeolithic drawings altogether.

My doubt was born neither in the study nor on any scientific expedition to savage parts : it was born, as a matter of fact, in the public lavatory at a country railway-station. Here, too, the wall was covered with drawings. Apart from the one difference—of subject—the number of the peculiarities which they possessed in common with palaeolithic art was striking. Here was the same rigorous limitation to a single subject. Here, too, within that limitation was, in many cases, the same surprising anatomical accomplishment. Thirdly, here was the same higgledy-piggledy placing : but let me continue in Mr. Heard's own words, for they apply snugly enough to my whitewashed wall also :

> Though these cavemen could draw and paint so well, they treated their pictures in what we should call a very inartistic way. They do not seem to have had any sense of arrangement, any eye for order or design. Though the animals are so well drawn, they are drawn all over the place . . . and more than that, we find they draw the same picture over and over again on the same spot, making it very confused and spoiling it as a picture.

This higgledy-piggledy placing of carefully executed outlines, of course, is the touchstone which distinguishes *pure* presentation from decoration : which distinguishes drawings, that is to say, whose intention is bound up with the act of drawing, from drawing that is intended to be looked at afterwards. Both in the cave and in the station lavatory it was the act of drawing that was important, not the finished image. But no one, I think, would suggest, at least in the latter case, that the act was an act of purposive magic. The young hooligan who drew a pair of buxom thighs did so under no delusion that his " spell " would make such thighs of flesh and blood more easy of attainment. The actual act of drawing brought its own immediate reward : a pleasing titillation of his sexual lust. To use jargon, these drawings are a form of wish-fulfilment : they are not a means to an end, they are an end in themselves : nor would anyone, I think, question this.

Now lust to the modern ear generally means sexual lust only. But is it unjustifiable to suppose that primitive man, like other beasts of prey, had a hunting lust, distinct from, and possibly even stronger than, his sexual lust? I was recently staying at a house where the parlour-cat, a spoilt pet, caught a bird. I happened to be near at the time, and unseen : by a sudden pounce I startled him into releasing it. I took it to safety and then returned. The cat had not stirred ; and then I happened to catch his eye. It was (as a cat's eyes so rarely are) full of expression and movement. It rang the changes on surprise, anger, bafflement—but each time what it returned to was a glare of thwarted and cooling *lust*. I stared him in the face for a full minute. What is more, he stared back : it is the only time I have seen a cat interested in a human being. I had interfered with him to the quick : I was no docile stock or stone : I was, therefore, for once, allowed to see *communication* in his eyes. And from what I saw there, I could not doubt but that this tomcat, had he been able to draw, would not have only titillated his sexual lust with the outlines of lascivious, posturing Grimalkins. More likely he would have drawn fat mice, fear-frozen thrushes ; and added, with an intense pang of pleasure, a claw-mark or tooth-mark on the tender throat.

This incident may sound too fanciful for cold evidence. But few would deny the existence of this hunting lust in beasts of prey. And primitive man *was* a beast of prey. The command of Nature to hunt must have been equal to the command to propagate. For, just as the mere wish for offspring would not be enough to propagate any race, in the face of the attendant difficulties and drawbacks, without the compulsion of sexual lust, so hunger alone could never have driven man to the intense ardours and dangers of the chase. If man had felt hunger only he would have remained a vegetarian.

My contention, therefore, is that palaeolithic man did not draw animals for any purposive reason. He drew them for the same reason the adolescent draws on the wall—for the pleasure the act of drawing gave him. Each curving line of the quarry's shape titillated his hunting lust as he traced it. The final spear-stab above the heart gave him a pang of pure ecstasy. No wonder, then, that he drew *nothing but* animals of the chase : not so much as a tree out of all the rest of Nature. No wonder his vivid and uncanny accuracy. No wonder he drew " all over the place," careless of the final decorative effect.

In a hurry to suggest my own explanation I have postponed the most damaging criticism of all that can be brought against the " magic " theory. I do not see how it can account for the chief astonishing fact—the original invention of drawing itself. This did not grow gradually from a few decorative scratches on pots, we know—for palaeolithic man had no pots. Nor did man begin, like a modern schoolboy, with drawing a few simple leaves and beetles. The art of representation sprang into being almost perfect : and concerned itself exclusively, moreover, with some of the most difficult forms in Nature. This is a most astonishing intellectual parthenogenesis. Can anyone honestly maintain that the vaguely possible usefulness

to the huntsman of the yet unborn art could have really brought it to the birth? Given the accomplished fact, given that the huntsman was already a practised and skilful draughtsman—why, one can then admit readily that he might try out its efficacy for practical purposes (as, indeed, happened later in the Neolithic Age): but to conjure that power out of nothing some more immediate, some far more violent *inner* compulsion must be looked for. Only an *ir*rational explanation could adequately account for so miraculous an invention.

It may seem that all this is a point of little importance to be so heavily laboured. But to establish correctly the motive force of the earliest known examples of art can hardly be unimportant. I would suggest, moreover, that whereas the purposive-magic theory is barren when applied to later art—by it, we should have to suppose that the painting of Constable's landscapes was a spell to facilitate his becoming a country squire—this lust-theory is far more fruitful, when it is modified to suit the modifications of modern man's spirit. But such modification is beyond the scope of the present article.

RICHARD HUGHES

BAFFLING BEECHAM

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM often seems the most puzzling and contradictory of our contemporary musicians. Of all our native conductors he is the most erratic. Nobody else can do what he does, good or bad. All our best-known conductors —Sir Hamilton Harty, Sir Henry Wood, Dr. Adrian Boult —are relatively consistent compared with Sir Thomas, whose career is chequered with the most extraordinary musical acts. When Sir Thomas first appeared in public as a conductor the press, so I am informed, was not very cordial in its welcome. He had the mixed, not the mis- fortune to be the son of a very rich man, and his money has been throughout his career both a help and a hindrance to him. At the beginning he was considered as an amateur and perhaps not taken as seriously as he should have been, but in spite of all the disadvantages of his situation, and what I consider an amiable and sometimes admirable eccentricity of character, he has pursued music with the persistence of real love, combining this with a talent so great that at times all one's reservations of judgment have been swept away.

Since the war he has been treated most benevolently by the critics and the public, but it is a curious fact that the public has shown more discrimination than the critics. For some critics he can do no wrong; others cannot hear the wrong that he occasionally does; a very few—and I may cite Mr. Constant Lambert as one—show a discrimination similar to that of the more discerning music-lovers among the musical public. We have had recently some interesting demonstrations of these statements. When the new London Philharmonic Orchestra was formed under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham it was immediately greeted by the majority of the critics with an enthusiastic extravagance such as they had never expressed even over the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. But my opinion, after hearing several concerts of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, was that it was not yet, at any rate, as good as the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Performances, such as Dr. Boult's, of the Schubert Symphony in B minor, during the past season, which reached a very high technical standard, were more frequent with the B.B.C. than with the Philharmonic Orchestra. I am not decrying the London Philharmonic, it is a fine orchestra, and there is no reason to set any limits to its possibilities, but on the whole, giving my opinion for what it is worth, I would say that the B.B.C. is the better orchestra of the two at present, and I only mention this because of the extravagance with which the London Philharmonic has been praised. To some extent this warmth of praise has been due to a commendable desire to help the new orchestra and Sir Thomas Beecham. But I don't think Sir Thomas and the London Philharmonic are in need of this sort of help. They are both too good; at any rate, good enough to stand on their own feet and receive the criticism they deserve.

Recently there have been several remarkable performances by the London Philharmonic with Sir Thomas Beecham. The performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* was one of them. This is an extremely difficult work for a conductor to do justice to, and Sir Thomas's was the finest interpretation in every respect I have ever heard. We know from his several renderings of *The Messiah* that Sir Thomas has both a lyrical and a dramatic sense developed to a high degree. Berlioz's music is a severe test of both, because his melodic line is unusually long and expressive and frequently much exposed, being often supported with very bare, though telling, harmony. This means that a conductor has to have a very alert musical instinct and a sympathetic understanding of the expressiveness of Berlioz's melody, which is in a sense simple and therefore liable to sound banal if misinterpreted. Sir Thomas's playing of the waltz music in the ball scene was a perfect illustration of correct and sympathetic understanding, with the result that this music sounded exquisite and full of sentiment, but not at all cheap or sentimental.

But the extraordinary thing is that when Sir Thomas played Mozart's *Prague* symphony at an earlier concert, and also when he gave Beethoven's F major symphony (No. 8) at the same concert with the Berlioz, he showed hardly any of the qualities which he has shown in Handel and Berlioz. The performance of the *Prague* was, I thought, horrible, and only Mr. Constant Lambert—as far as I saw the press criticism—seemed to be of the same opinion. It is curious that in the past Sir Thomas has usually chosen to conduct the more lyrical or the less dramatic symphonies of Beethoven, and he treats these and Mozart's symphonies with what seems to me a complete misconception. He is at his very worst in Mozart, although this is often supposed to be where he is strong. I think, on the contrary, that he is weakest in Mozart for the following reasons: it is a mistake to treat Mozart's symphonies as if they were sentimental dance music for the concert hall; but this is what Sir Thomas tends to make them become. The treatment he gives to Berlioz's melodic line is not applicable to Mozart's for various reasons, the first being that whereas in Berlioz the expression is in the curves of the melodic line accentuated only by the harmony; in Mozart the music is always dynamic and contrapuntal in his symphonies. Sir Thomas Beecham treats the themes of Mozart's symphonies as if they were vocal arias and he were a prima donna or a juicy tenor squeezing the last drop of sentiment out of them with the refinement and delicacy more characteristic of a dancing master than of a musician. I contend that the basic of Mozart's symphonies is rhythmic, and unless the rhythm is firm and tight and the music is conceived by the conductor *structurally*, not sentimentally, its virtue is destroyed. I suppose that everybody would admit that this is true of Beethoven, and the reason why I thought Sir Thomas's performance of the Beethoven No. 8 so bad was because it was not conceived structurally, and so it lacked proper balance and there was no meaning to it. An inexperienced person listening to this performance might have thought the music exceptionally dull and pointless because, although you may distort Mozart's symphonies in the way Sir Thomas is apt to and get away with it, you cannot do it with Beethoven's—at least not with the eighth symphony.

And then after having been moved to exasperation by Sir Thomas in Mozart and Beethoven one may have a quite contrary experience, as I had at the last concert of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, when Sir Thomas gave the most dazzling performance of Rossini's *William Tell* overture I have ever heard. It was magnificent in every respect and thrilling to hear. An even more difficult feat was his performance of the last movement of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which is a trap for most conductors who make it sound an anti-climax after the wonderful movement which precedes it. But Sir Thomas brought it off perfectly, and this needs something more than the fire of a magnetic personality; for it

requires a very just sense of balance and proportion to make the effects convincing. One can only hope that Sir Thomas will in future play Mozart and Beethoven with the strictness of rhythm and the sense of structure which he showed in his last performance of *The Messiah* at the Queen's Hall. Then we shall have no reason to complain of him at all.

W. J. TURNER

BUGSBY'S HOLE, GREENWICH

THE river-bank is fouled with corks and tins,
And other shards of meaner human use,
While from a near-by pub too many gins
Rouse an old hag to volleying abuse.

A crapulous Cassandra, she cries doom
On God and man, and her man most of all,
Then packs her skirts and huddles through the gloom;
Darkness and silence on her going fall.

But in her wake, with gradual urge, a swan
Smutted and tired, yet bravely breasts the stream;
Never more brightly has its whiteness shone,
Never more lovely did its motion seem.

Beauty unconquered striving with despair,
The pride of its own kind still keeps it strong;
In spite of oily flood and tainted air,
Swans, that are born with thunder, die in song.

T. W. EARP

SYMPATHY

A VESTAL fire o'erbrims the landlocked bay,
And gleams, a sheet of ruffled gold, afar;
The lighthouse turns across the quiet grey
The silver of an intermittent star.

Remoter lands smooth out their hills for sleep,
Bare solitudes untroubled by a thought;
And stars in their accustomed places keep,
Watching an earth to slow enchantment wrought.

How quiet earth's capacious evening seems!
Long drinking of the harbour's saffron rays,
At length I turn to find one share my dreams
Who still looks seaward with a sphinx-like gaze.

Immobile on the magic window-sill
She sat unknown, but now I glance at her—
What grateful sentiments my bosom fill!
Still contemplating, she begins to purr.

ROMILLY JOHN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Watchman's Tale"

The Watchman's Tale is interesting as the first attempt to use a full-length film as a medium of advertising. Messrs. Cadbury have been in a good position to make such a picture, as they are able to combine in one film the machinery of modern industrialism, the farm life for producing the ingredients of milk chocolates and the negro life of the Gold Coast, where the cocoa bean is grown. We are therefore shown a variety of civilisations. The commentary creates the impression of talking down to the audience, and the small child who puts the intelligent questions to his wise old grandpapa is rather obviously self-conscious. Still, the picture as a whole, though suffering from not being a sound film proper, is interesting in itself, and still more interesting perhaps as pointing the way to what will no doubt become an important feature in educational advertising.

At Cranleigh School

Samson Agonistes, according to Milton, was "never intended to the stage"; but there is every reason to be grateful to the venturesome spirits, all too rare, who ignore the warning. The latest of these are the sixth-form boys of Cranleigh School, who, in a single performance given on Sunday, March 26th, triumphantly proved that this great tragedy can not only be brought within the compass of the art of the modern theatre, but gains enormously from visual presentation. The plain columnar setting, the rich and subtle lighting effects, the excellent diction and simple formalised movements of the small chorus of Danites (how impressive was their huddled swarming at the entry of the giant Harapha!) conspired with the skill of the chief actors to produce a whole of strange and comforting beauty, and must have sent many members of the audience of all ages away "with new acquist of true experience." The producer, M. S. Redgrave, not only designed the scenery and dresses but himself sustained the part of Samson. In a costume designedly suggesting the author rather than the hero of the play (in whose presumed physical characteristics he was something lacking) he made full use of a beautiful and moving voice, and delivered his long speeches with an intellectual grasp, and a variety of pace and intonation, which swept the drama along over what anticipation might have feared to be sticky places towards its tremendous close. After his exit, the skilful drawing together of the chorus into the central space, the splendid and exciting delivery of the Messenger, and the dignity and humanity of old Manoah, combined to leave eye and ear, heart and mind, enriched and satisfied. It is to be wished that this performance could be repeated, and seen by thousands.

This Inconstancy

If there are Soviet agents (and surely there are) in London who are looking for propaganda against Capitalism, they may betake them to Wyndham's and see how feebly vicious the non-working classes can be. Less materially interested playgoers will find *This Inconstancy* a reasonably useful medium for the exploiting of the charms of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, making grimaces and wriggling exquisite shoulders through a part containing the whole gamut of tantrums. How long-suffering must that husband Nicholas (Mr. Leslie Banks) have been to sustain so much temperament in so deplorable a flat! Actually the lady has only been playing at adultery—as, for that matter, the interior decorations play at modernity; and when she thinks that her husband has brought his mistress and a child to live with them, her indignation is splendidly bourgeois. But it is all a mistake, and husband and wife end by being very childish and jolly together. Really a quite appalling play, but redeemed by some very hard work by the principals, among whom Mr. Hugh Wakefield, progressing pompously towards delirium tremens, must be counted not least. Mr. Nigel Bruce deserves eulogy for his monstrous portrait of a modern aristocrat—nothing more solid than that mildly truculent head. Messrs. Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner admit responsibility for the plot and text.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 1st—
Rowing, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Putney.
"The Dream of Gerontius," Royal Choral Society and London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates, Albert Hall, 2.30.

SUNDAY, April 2nd—
Prof. H. Levy on "The Return to Barbarism," Conway Hall, 11.
St. Matthew Passion, Bach Choir, conducted by Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, Part I, 11; Part II, 2.30.
Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
Graham Hutton on "The World's Economic Crisis," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"A Dream Play," Grafton Theatre.

MONDAY, April 3rd—
Julian Huxley on "Science in the Making," B.B.C., 7.5.
London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Uday Shankar and company of Hindu Dancers and Musicians, Arts Theatre.

TUESDAY, April 4th—
F. M. Hardie on "Making Pacifist History at the Oxford Union," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Backhaus, Grotrian Hall, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, April 5th—
Stephen Gwynn on "Mary Kingsley," Imperial Institute, South Kensington, 5.
Sir Edward Grigg and Kingsley Martin on "Imperialism," B.B.C., 7.30.
Chamber Music Players, Brahms Programme, Grotrian Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

HOGG'S *Life of Shelley*, Peacock's *Memoirs of Shelley*, and Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*, have just been published under the title *The Life of Shelley* (Dent, 2 vols., 15s.). The publishers must be warmly congratulated on having supplied a long-felt though an unconscious need, for Hogg's *Life* at all events has been difficult to come at, and these volumes will find thousands of enthusiastic readers. Mr. Humbert Wolfe's Introduction is almost entirely devoted to giving the reader the very necessary warning against Hogg. His indictment of Hogg is detailed and it is admirable: before he is allowed to peruse a line of the *Life*, the reader will have learned how warped and distorted an account he is to expect. As Mr. Wolfe points out, the worst feature of Hogg is that he is constitutionally unable to appreciate Shelley's mind and his dominating intellect. Thus, in 1855 Hogg sneers at Shelley for having predicted in 1810 that

> the art of navigating the air is in its first and most helpless infancy; the aerial mariner still swims on bladders and has not mounted even the rude raft. . . . Why are we still so ignorant of the interior of Africa? Why do we not dispatch intrepid aeronauts to cross it in every direction, and to survey the whole peninsular in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely underneath it, as it glided over that hitherto unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery forever.

It is his complacent assumption of superior knowledge, not his "bar-parlour manner," which disqualifies the friend of Shelley's youth as his biographer. There is of course a waggishness about Hogg which is all the more unpleasant because we cannot help thinking of him at the same time as of Shelley. Thus when he speaks of a nudist lady as "cooling her unprejudiced mutton" we are disgusted. But our disgust is jealousy. Had we known Shelley how different a tone we should have adopted! Had Tennyson spoken of the lady we should have laughed.

* * *

Mr. Wolfe is not so convincing when he departs from the bare fact of Hogg's treachery to Shelley's memory to deal with his motives, for the best explanation which he can give of them is that Hogg suffered from a bad conscience: he could never forget that he tried to seduce Harriet at York and that Shelley had forgiven him for the attempt.

> By the normal laws of psychology we are entitled to conclude that the man of sixty-three, gloating upon his past, decided that he would allow himself the satisfaction of permanently defaming the unhappy girl, who had refused his advances. If this be true then Hogg had, in wounded vanity and an ancient sense of guilt, the best reasons in the world for attacking not only Harriet but Shelley. For if Shelley's account of the affair be true, the poet behaved with an almost miraculous nobility.

This does appear a curious psychology! For normally nothing is sooner forgotten than a failure to seduce, and, when remembered, it usually invests itself with a touch of the comic. Hogg had another, and, it appears to me, more powerful motive for his spite. He was sixty-three years old and he had changed; he looked back at the dreams of his youth with bitter contempt. "Si jeunesse savait—si vieillesse pouvait!" There is enough in that confession of impotence to excuse all the spitefulness in the world. Hogg might have been more tolerant of the spectacle of youthful folly if it had not been that his only link with greatness was supposed to lie in his having been associated with Shelley—who by the standards of experience had been a far bigger fool than himself! Shelley had perished and he himself had learned wisdom. So he spat and stamped on the unforgivable memories of youth with an iron heel, cackled in agony and assured himself that, thank God! he had a sense of humour. Remorse for having become old, not for having failed to seduce one silly girl from among dozens, is the mainspring of Hogg's spite. However, it is likely that he bore rancour for Shelley's forgiveness long after he had forgotten Harriet's refusal. Shelley had not shown "miraculous nobility," he had merely not felt jealous.

* * *

But warning us against Hogg is only one of the functions of the editor of these volumes, a more important would be to supplement the lives where they are defective and to correct them where they are inaccurate. In particular he should tell the reader those facts which, discovered by modern research, were not known to the earlier biographers. This applies in particular to the circumstances in which Shelley left Harriet and went off with Mary. Mr. Wolfe tells us:

> The history of his (Shelley's) married life has vexed and troubled genuine students of literature while it has afforded much occupation to the prongs of the professional scavengers. Not content to accept Shelley at the valuation set upon him by his poetry and his letters, the muck-rakers have been as venomously active in Shelley's secret history as in that of Byron. Did Shelley and Harriet part by agreement or against Harriet's will? Had Shelley grown cold or was Harriet unfaithful? . . . To some the whole matter would appear as of importance only to the prurient. The few and pathetic facts might have been left to speak for themselves.

It is fatally easy for an editor to take a high line of this sort, and, since nobody attributes any particular meaning to such words, it matters very little whether an editor goes in for being high or low, so long as he *does* give us the few and pathetic facts and does let them speak for themselves. But this Mr. Wolfe neglects to do. His scorn of the "professional scavengers" is so great that he ignores any facts unearthed since 1860. But if one doesn't want to know why and how Shelley eloped with one girl of sixteen, married her twice, deserted her when she was pregnant, and went off with another girl of sixteen, why should one read his life at all? It is precisely the details of Shelley's secret history that one wants to know about. The facts are known. After being the subject of an extremely warm discussion between Richard Garnett (a champion of Mary Shelley) in *Relics of Shelley*, 1862, and Peacock (a champion of Harriet) the circumstances of Shelley's leaving Harriet have been irrefutably established by Dr. Leslie Hotson, who has done more to add to our knowledge of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Shelley than any living man. In *Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet* (Faber and Faber, 1930) the pathetic facts were presented for the first time.

* * *

The subject of whether Shelley's conduct was or was not discreditable, is not of such burning interest as it was seventy years ago; indeed it has lost a great deal of its meaning. If Shelley had been forty-two instead of twenty-two, and had had the advantage of twenty years' experience of breaking his own and other people's hearts, he would have acted differently. But if he had not gone off with Mary when he did it would have been disastrous for him and for his poetry, and Harriet would certainly have committed suicide just the same. Shelley's fault was that he did not understand jealousy.

> Can your feelings for me differ in their nature from those which I cherish towards you? Are you my lover whilst I am only your friend, the brother of your heart? If they do not, the purest and most perfect happiness is ours. I wish that you could see Mary. . . .

And Dr. Hotson sums up Harriet most justly when he says:

> Though she married and had children she failed to develop into a wife and mother and remained Eliza's little sister to the end.

But Mr. Wolfe should not say that "Peacock tells a straightforward tale in a straightforward way all the more convincing for its modesty of statement." Peacock was extremely conventional and was very much attracted by Harriet, and says several things injurious to Shelley which are untrue. He takes a false view of Shelley's remarriage with Harriet and denies that an estrangement existed between them before Shelley met Mary. We may also doubt in the extreme his evidence about Shelley's feelings on hearing of Harriet's death. Had Mr. Wolfe quoted a few phrases of Shelley's letters to Harriet at the time of their separation, and a few of Dr. Hotson's comments, he would have added greatly to the value of this book.

DAVID GARNETT

THE VIRTUES OF SERIOUSNESS

Gladstone. By FRANCIS BIRRELL. *Duckworth.* 2s.

George Eliot. By ANNE FREMANTLE. *Duckworth.* 2s.

The Brontës. By IRENE COOPER WILLIS. *Duckworth.* 2s.

Charles II. By JOHN HAYWARD. *Duckworth.* 2s.

Dickens. By BERNARD DARWIN. *Duckworth.* 2s.

Beethoven. By ALAN PRYCE-JONES. *Duckworth.* 2s.

"Don't say the truth is," begged Mr. Montague, "it's so like humbug"—and the remark delighted Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit. This knowing attitude to all moral pretensions whatsoever, once a trait most commonly of the half-educated, has risen in the world: and intellectuals of stainless character now chuckle over the invariable hypocrisy of public men. They will not at all approve of Mr. Francis Birrell's *Gladstone*. Those who like a bit of fun with an eminent Victorian will not enjoy it. But it will please all for whom the glow of a rational admiration is one of the luxuries of life.

It is not, of course, a humourless book, or blindly partisan. Gladstone was an obvious butt: no wonder Disraeli set the example of laughing at him. He was composed of earnestness and moral pretensions, and he had no charm to mitigate the fact. He was limited, unoriginal, unimaginative. But he was, in the first place—and here there can be no dissentient voices—a man of enormous vitality and power: he "fills one with a Plutarchian belief in the possibility of greatness." Secondly, he was a man to whom ideas really meant something, and who was prepared to sacrifice himself for them. And, thirdly, his ideas were often worth a sacrifice. That is Mr. Birrell's case in a few words: he claims our respect for the Grand Old Man, the logician, the pacifist, the Little Englander. There is no attempt to prove Gladstone blameless at all points: it is acknowledged that "he was not very self-conscious in the modern manner," and was the more open to an ordinary human degree of self-deception: but absolutely no ground is left for the "sanctimonious humbug" theory. The quotations are extremely telling. To the outsider politics are apt to seem, as Blake described them, "something else besides Human Life": but we read Gladstone's speeches, and to our astonishment they still mean something, they "reverb no hollowness." That is the advantage of possessing fixed principles and the academic mind.

Mr. Birrell has managed his task of selection and condensation with great skill. His book is absolutely clear throughout: and it leaves a very good taste in the mouth.

Mr. Pryce-Jones is the Spirit that Denies—though he is also (no unusual combination) extraordinarily dogmatic. The great, he says in the first place, are boring. The very great are "not men at all, but shells—from which it is useless to expect the commonest behaviour of their fellows, and in whom it is only by chance that we recognise any of the qualities we know in ourselves." "Because we are so often deceived in our expectations of the behaviour of a creative faculty, we cannot, in the end, bear to contemplate it." This seems to imply a somewhat curious and exalted idea of "our" qualities, and a naively high "expectation of the behaviour" of great men. Mr. Pryce-Jones is especially shocked that the sublime Beethoven should have been a "stupid" man. There can be nothing in a stupid man's conscious life to make art out of. Beethoven's friends were not "men of first-rate intelligence"—so he can have got nothing out of *them*. He was "seldom not in love," but he expressed his passion in "exhausted phrases"—so he can have got nothing out of *that*. The "sole materials" for all his music must have been "the aggregate of cold coffee, the slam of a door, a present of pens from Zmeskall."

Of course he exaggerates Beethoven's stupidity! Some of the letters he quotes have, indeed, an almost Dickensian richness, but they *prove* nothing—except that Beethoven wrote badly. "Exhausted phrases" were not exhausted to him; he was not a literary man. There is no connection between inarticulateness and want of feeling.

The only thing, we are told, which redeems Beethoven from dullness is that in his case we can "use the life to explain the art." It is hard to reconcile this with a later statement that "his music never touches his conscious life," and that it is possible only to state, not to explain, the contradiction. But in any case it may be dismissed as nonsense. Mr. Pryce-Jones himself, tripped up by half-acknowledged sympathy, presents his subject as a figure of terrific power and extraordinary pathos, an undeniable "great man," even if we had never heard a note of music. But the iconoclastic urge has dislocated the biographer's narrative, and confused his criticism: a much better short life could have been written by someone who had less to prove.

The Brontës, short-lived and dramatically isolated, can be quite easily fitted into a small frame: Anne, indeed, is almost "vacuum," and a few sentences are enough to recreate all of the fiercely positive Emily that we possess—Miss Willis has got her almost bodily into these pages. As for Charlotte, the biographer's especial Brontë, she did half the work herself. Miss Willis's completion of it is entirely adequate, and the whole book is vividly *seen*.

Mrs. Fremantle's *George Eliot* is not so good. As a psychological study it is rather facile: everything is put down to the novelist's remorse over her life with Lewes—even characteristics which she had admittedly displayed from childhood. There is a good deal of muddle, and too much significance-hunting. *Middlemarch*, observes Mrs. Fremantle, "is the epic of English middle-class, mid-Victorian, Midland life, written by a middle-aged woman." If only she could have said the *middling* epic!

Mr. Darwin's *Dickens* is unpretentious and fair-minded, though at times rather "given to blusterous"—for which Mr. Chesterton is responsible in the first place. All this talk of "great creatures" gives the sincerest admiration a galvanised effect. Dickens comes rather badly out of the narrative, though it is far from being hostile in tone.

Charles II, intelligent and interesting as he is, seems somehow, as a Great Life, rather a light weight. One's first impression of Mr. Hayward's book is that the history has almost crowded out the protagonist: but was there so very much more to bring in? Charles's spiritual solitude and the dreariness of his life are done full justice to, and expansion might simply have been reiteration. The starry firmament and rearing Pegasus on the cover of the volume are surely, in this case, very inappropriate.

K. JOHN

WEST AND WILD WEST

The Rise of the City, 1878-1898 (A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LIFE, Vol. X). By ARTHUR MEIER SCHLESINGER. *Macmillan.* 20s.

It is the grand climacteric of American life which occupies the foreground of Professor Schlesinger's volume, the transformation of the farmer's republic into a modern urban industrial society with all its consequences; and the obstinate refusal of the political and social organisation to admit the consequences, even when they consented to admit the change. The twenty years described saw the official "closing of the frontier"; the last great westward movement, when the Indian lands of what is now Oklahoma were opened to "the boomers"; and the defeat of the last really formidable revolt of the frontier led by the "prairie avenger, mountain lion, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Byran" at the hands of Mark Hanna and "the roller-tops and the bucket shops." Business was given its head and the nation rushed into the Spanish war to feed its delusions of grandeur. It was an age that saw the decline of the cowboy and the supremacy of Standard Oil. The real west was tamed and the "Wild West" of Buffalo Bill was invented. Deadwood became a word of magic to the youth of the English-speaking world (and not only of that world)—and the Anaconda Copper Company ruled the once untamed miner. Kansas, which had started off by bleeding to the profit of the young Republican Party and had, in Abilene and Dodge City, displayed the ill-disciplined glories of the cow country, went respectable, and from the home of "Wild Bill" Hikock became the eyrie from which Carrie Nation descended on the strongholds of the Demon Rum. The new industrial society had to provide its own heroes, and pending the rise of Al Capone and Hymie Weiss, had to be content with John L. Sullivan. To a pessimist who did not allow for the versatility of the people it might well seem that romantic America was dead and gone, "it's with the James Boys in the grave"—or, as a native poet put it:

> Across the plains where once there roamed the Indian and the Scout,
> The Swede with alcoholic breath sets rows of cabbage out.

To all this change, Professor Schlesinger is an incomparable guide. As befits a leading evangelist of the "New History," he counts nothing alien to his theme; but as the main economic developments of the period are to be the subject of another volume

here they are only sketched in to provide a background for their consequences in politics, religion, art, sport, crime and punishment. A pioneer work of this kind could easily descend to being a mere catalogue, and much care must have gone to the successful effort to keep on top of the material. Very seldom are the close-packed facts too thick for the wood to be seen, and that this is so we owe to a keen eye for the main themes and to a sense of humour.

There is more difference between the America of Lincoln's time and the America of Cleveland and McKinley than there is between that epoch and to-day. Again and again in these pages we find ourselves at home in contemporary themes. There were the great bonanza farms which were to apply the methods of modern industry to modern agriculture. One of them covered 115 square miles. They had all the apparatus of modern industry, and were feared as enemies of the old individualistic farmer who had made America. Most of them have passed away, and the American kulak is still at work dealing with his permament problems of debt, over-production, and falling prices as he was in the 'nineties. The palpable fact that farming did not offer, in cash or its equivalents, the kind of living to which the American felt he had a God-given right, naturally led to migration to the cities—and to efforts by the Government to induce the bold peasantry to stay their country's pride, or to consent to resume that honourable, but inadequately rewarded, office. Despite sermons and scraps from the Government's table, the urbanisation of the nation went on. It was deplorable, for song and story celebrated the rural virtues. It was the struggle to stop the foreclosure on "The Old Homestead" which brought tears to sympathetic urban eyes; it was the city slicker who deceived trusting rural maidenhood, or failed to do so when the poor but honest country flower defied her tempter:

> I've come to this great city
> To find a brother dear,
> And you wouldn't dare insult me, Sir,
> If Jack were only here.

As Bartley Campbell, a leading dramatist of the day, put it, "rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake."

The very popularity of the theatre, no matter how moral its lesson, was, however, a sign of the changing times, for the theatre was still, to the dominant American sects, the ante-room to the Pit. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most popular of all American plays, did a good deal to break down this hostility, even when performed by companies of which it could be said "The dogs were poorly supported." Shakespeare also won tolerance for the actor, and the Bard was murdered over an increasingly large area by actors of the school described by a critic (not quoted by Professor Schlesinger), who said of a performance of *King Lear*, "Ma Jones played the King as if he feared someone was going to play the ace."

The pursuit of happiness became decidedly more respectable, although it was still frowned on by stern and unbending Catos. It opened up new careers to talents ranging from those of professional baseball players and of the inventor of the "gold brick" (Mr. Reed Waddell of Springfield, Illinois, a city also known as the home-town of Lincoln and of Vachell Lindsay), to the more dignified mountebankery of Mr. Ward McAllister, the inventor of the *Four Hundred*. He was only the most famous of those "little brothers of the rich" who stood guard over the drawing-rooms of the millionaires of the second generation with all the seriousness of a Charlus guarding the entrée to the Hotel de Guermantes. There were widely popular innovations in the entertainment world, continuous variety—which dates from 1885—and the sacred lamp of burlesque-lighted pioneers like Sam T. Jack with his *Fifty Tantalising Torsos*, handed on by artists like the Four Marx Brothers, and now flickering into darkness with the closing of its last homes, even of such famous ones as the Howard Athenaeum of Boston.

It is a rich field, well-tilled. Tiny patches may not have been fully explored. Boxing was more than an affair of heavyweight; there was the original Jack Dempsey, "the Nonpareil"; there was the American jockey seat with which Tod Sloan came here to conquer; there was that very American Almanach de Gotha, the "Social Register"; and that masterly song "Muldoon the Solid Man." A more serious defect, though still a minor one, is the taking of the picture of rural American innocence at its face value. Sweet Auburn, whether it was Ed Howe's "Country Town," or the Connecticut village of which Stanley Hall gives so disconcerting a picture, was as far from being inevitably a home of rustic innocence as were the Scots villages painted *couleur de rose* by the Kailyard school. The American peasant, like his European counterpart, was well acquainted with the rustic gods,

> Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.

Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was able to forget his dallyings with them when he had a chance to preach at or to coerce his erring city brother.

NEW NOVELS

The Well of Days. By IVAN BUNIN. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.
You and Caroline and I. By LOIS DONNE. *Wishart.* 7s. 6d.
The Macedonian. By MARY BUTTS. *Heinemann.* 6s.
The Envious Land. By RACHEL K. DAVIS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Venetian Blinds. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds.* 8s. 6d.
The Crumb Snatchers. By LORNA WOOD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Corruption. By RICHARD CURLE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

A land of immense distances, of scattered towns and estates, a country where people are continually saying "Good-bye" to each other, where journeys are long, and where those who remain endlessly ask questions—Russia is the country of nostalgia for nostalgia's sake.

> The depth of the summer evening sky, the melancholy vista of the fields betokened something else that seemed to exist apart from them, called forth a dream and a yearning after something I lacked, moved me with an incomprehensible love and tenderness I knew not for whom or for what. . . .

Russian literature is a literature of these moods and questions. What then is my life . . .? Are we not born with a sense of death? If we are not, would we be as fond of life as we are? Or used to be? Who knows? On what problem was my soul intent that afternoon?—so the questions float up and wing away into the immense distances of the steppe, flash and become nothing, like disappearing birds, unanswered and unanswerable. This is their fascination. In a small country of satisfied and closed valleys the questions would never get away; people would stop to answer them; they would soon become metaphysical con-

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gestions, the nostalgia would quickly stir up active romanticisations and appease itself with glamour.

Hence the pleasure of Ivan Bunin's *The Well of Days*, an autobiography sad in its happiness, happy in its sadness, and saved from the lower levels of sentiment and wistfulness by a romantic spiritual austerity. The narrative passes from childhood and youth on a feudal estate by the Don, long before the Revolution which never appears, though the note at the end is, appropriately, exile. It is hard to describe a book which depends so much upon atmosphere, except, perhaps, to note the delicacy of the family portraits. In his father, the young Arseniev has a fine picture of the nobleman whom we have come to regard as typical: reckless, moody, genial, wildly extravagant, artistic, incapable of facing any situation and escaping by way of questions. Who am I? What is happiness? And so on. The contrasted portrait of the bourgeois merchant with whom the youth boards when at the University is equally good and the descriptions of youthful love, its daydreams and idealised ardour vanishing in some abrupt and simple change of circumstance, are conveyed with the same beauty of feeling. An atmosphere has been recovered and not casually and raggedly, but with a warm, fluid precision.

One has only to turn to *You and Caroline and I*, written also in the first person, but in diary form, to see how "nevermore" becomes glamour rather than inexpressible longing in the English novel. "I" in her diary records her broken love affair with "You." She is wretched, jubilant, vain and wistful, and finally venomous when she remembers that Caroline has carried "You" off. As a display of a woman's emotions in the pathos of blighted love the diary is poignant and effective, but as it stands it is far too repetitive and long. As a guide—which the reader at once asks—to the characters of "You" and Caroline, it is over-daubed with emotion and venom, and confusing. The diarist, guardian to Caroline, is out to break into and expose Caroline's little Lesbian soul and, of course, blurs Caroline and exposes herself. One protests. It really cannot be the author's intention to make only *one* character credible and real; and to re-create the atmosphere of the happy days, the diarist falls back on a scenic padding—the English autobiographers' conventional substitute—which does not illuminate the situation. One feels that it is all getting too uncomfortably personal. The illusion is broken; one demands to hear the "low-down" on "me." One is tired of the high spots and the scenic bric-à-brac which scarcely conceal the lack of psychological development. This is a book which may very possibly be acclaimed as a masterpiece of the broken heart, when it is nothing of the kind; it is actually a moving and dramatic book by an author with a certain talent.

On an altogether higher plane is Miss Mary Butts' *The Macedonian*, a reconstruction of certain episodes in the life of Alexander the Great. There is a serene, adamant, yet subtle quality in this book. It puts a finger on the dual motif introduced by religion or superstition in Alexander's life, the outcome of which was his self-exaltation to the state of man-god in Persia. The letter of Callisthenes to Aristotle, describing Alexander's private effort to destroy his sense of guilt in the murder of Clitus by claiming the godhead, and his public self-justification as a man of vision dreaming of a world unity more imaginative than the petty perfection of the Greek city states, is a novelist's object-lesson in the art of bringing a situation in all its complexity to a climax. For we have the pleasure of seeing the intellectual penetration of Callisthenes tragically and ironically ensuring his own doom. Catastrophe creeps nearer and nearer as Callisthenes' pen analyses and makes clear, and the effect is excellent. The book's weakness, enforced perhaps by history, is its disintegration after this event. So payment is exacted for the following of a single thread. Miss Mary Butts' prose, which tends to strike allusive attitudes with people, is supple and moves beautifully under the skins of its scenes.

> A hot blue sea swam into the mark it made upon the shore, and swam out again; a long way out, falling softly, running its fingers through the rock and bright sand. Until it swam back, drowning the rocks again, curving proudly along its tide mark, high up the beaches. Long and wonderful beaches, to a land the sea had bleached; as if the sea had taken all the colour there was and drawn it into the blue. Dawn and mid-day and evening and night blue. Blood-blue and wine-blue, and blue. Fire-blue sky the sun raged in, low-hung at night with star-eyes, whose lashes swept the sea.

A slight but intelligent study in an ambitious theme.

Having no poetic intuitions, Miss Rachel K. Davis is seen making strenuous efforts with exotic India and is out thoroughly to inform. Her novel is congested and moves with difficulty. Among her exacerbated sahibs and mem-sahibs she pushes her young engineer and his chief's wife whom he adores—see the text books on the English public school boy's perpetual search for a mother-substitute—through their heavy platonic devotions in an equatorial extract of Cheltenham. Yet there are good things that prevent one from writing this off as a dull book. For example, what the young man thought about his chief's nose when he was in a rage is excellent; the general observation of Anglo-Indian life and the physical descriptions of people have merit. But what right-minded lack of wit!

There is no justification for writing novels about dull people (or "everyday" people as, with insinuation, they are called) unless they are lifted our of their dullness. It is not enough to say they are human after all, like you and me, which is the undistinguished and undistinguishing note of Miss Mannin's new book. It may be described as a Magnolia street without the Jews, being the account of the ups and downs of a working-class family in their migration to the lower middle-class gentility. She has abandoned the pseudo-Lawrenceisms which made much of her earlier work rather ludicrous, and she has done a much sounder job than usual; her people are conscientiously "written up" rather than pumped up with Laurentian dark bloodiness. I am sure every dreadful bit of detail is accurate, and I am equally sure that it is all as flat as a pancake.

In *The Crumb Snatchers* we have genteel poverty "jollied up" into farce. Peg and her parents are penniless, but as father prefers the bottle to work, so Peg's mother, with an eye to the will, sends her daughter to stay with a rich aunt. There is a penniless young man to be avoided. Need anything more be said? It is one of those novels in which the author appears grinning and hearty in the mind of every character; hence this from the vicar's wife:

> Being married to a man was rather like mining; you could go for ages all through soft clay and then just when you began to think that it was clay you struck a layer of rock. This afternoon she had struck the layer of rock in Christopher.
>
> Who would ever have thought it?
>
> Well, there were still the calico knickers to finish.

Puzzle: find which line the Vicar's wife really thought.

Mr. Curle's merit is his mastery of creating suspense. A few dark hints and we are prepared for some kind of crime and he keeps us guessing skilfully. It is a shock therefore to find his murder in that room now apparently given up entirely to crime—the library. The sight of so many competing books seems to arouse sanguinary desires in authors. V. S. PRITCHETT

THE MANTLE OF BURY

Byzantine Civilisation. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. *Arnold.* 16*s.*

As the Elisha of the late Professor Bury in the field of English Byzantine studies, the development of Mr. Runciman is a matter of some excitement to those who, as students, amateurs, or merely general readers, have ventured into the same field. After two detailed accounts of particular periods, Mr. Runciman now presents us with a third book, a general conspectus of the Greek Empire from the foundation of its capital in 330 to the fall of its capital in 1453. To compress the history of eleven centuries into 290 pages, and to maintain, while presenting the changes that took place, the unity underlying that history, is a difficult task. And Mr. Runciman is to be congratulated rather than despised for having adapted to his use the model first set by Mr. Norman Baynes in 1925. In two introductory chapters he disposes of events. He then devotes ten chapters to an analysis of the institutions, culture and habits which comprise a civilisation and of the modifications time wrought in them.

Such a scheme reveals at once the fundamental worth of Mr. Runciman's talent and the limitations that beset it. The art of history is the art of combining a narrative of events with a view of the relationship between events and the organisation of society. Mr. Runciman lacks the capacity for narrative. His first two chapters are a bald catalogue of facts, composed in a style so simple as to be condescending and lacking in grasp of the scope and grandeur of the subject as a whole. Such an approach may have been deliberately calculated, in order to persuade the novice that Byzantine history is really as homely as Little Arthur's. But its poverty of interest stands in marked contrast to the rest of the book. For in his analysis of the body politic and social, Mr. Runciman's scholarship, freed from large horizons, has produced a picture of deep and varied understanding, a picture which must compel the attention equally of the general reader and of specialists. In the collection of social and institutional

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phenomena lies Mr. Runciman's true gift. And it is the fact of this gift's having at length found a field worthy of it that renders the present book superior to those which have preceded it.

Despite the air of cultivated detachment which attends Mr. Runciman's researches, there are certain passages which must inevitably be read in the light of modern history and which, for that very reason, give an added life to the Byzantine past. On page 79 he says :

> The Imperial Constitution, the Emperor, elected by the Senate, the Army, and the People of Constantinople, to be Viceroy of God but to rule according to Roman Law, was in many ways illogical and incomplete, but it had the supreme and essential merit that it worked. Its efficiency is remarkably illustrated by the fact that while in the West innumerable writers arose to discuss the difficult problems of Church and State, of Emperors and Kings and Popes and their inter-relations, for centuries Byzantium did not produce a single political theorist. The constitution worked too well for abstract discussions to be needed.

And on page 176 :

> The business life of the Empire was hemmed round with innumerable regulations. . . . There was no unemployment. Workmen could not be dismissed without the greatest difficulty, and if any able-bodied man were out of work he was at once made to take on some job of public utility or charity under the Quaestor. " Idleness," said Leo the Isaurian in the *Ecloga*, " leads to crime, and any superfluity resulting from the labour of others should be given to the weak, not the strong."

While on page 198, in the course of a charming chapter entitled " Town and Country Life," we learn that :

> Cecaumenos was emphatically of the opinion that house-parties are a mistake. Guests, he says, merely criticise one's housekeeping and attempt to seduce one's wife.

In the religious sphere the author treads less surely. To the Christological passions he is polite, but not more than polite ; they find no root in human emotions. Iconoclasm he dismisses as largely a political movement, despite the overwhelming political disadvantages which accompanied its enforcement. Of the basic controversy between representational and anti-representational art, and the susceptibilities involved, he takes no cognisance. Yet that controversy is still with us. On the subject of Byzantine art the preface admits the book's inadequacy and puts forward the excuse that its achievement is still a matter of dispute, as though this were not a reason for dealing with it more fully than might otherwise have been necessary. To dismiss St. Sophia, one of the greatest artistic legacies that posterity has received from any civilisation, with the bare news that its second dome collapsed in 989, is to carry the fear of over-statement to the point of mania. In literature, on the other hand, Mr. Runciman ventures to acclaim the Epic of Digenis Akritas as " the most splendid *chanson de geste* ever written." One is led to feel, in fact, throughout the whole book, that while he is dealing with actual written evidence he is happy and brilliant, and his judgment is sure ; but that when broad perspectives are concerned he grows puzzled and diffident, and the intuition of the historian forsakes him. Nevertheless, the book constitutes a great enrichment of Byzantine historical studies, and it is to be hoped that its author may eventually expand its central chapters into a larger and more detailed work.

ROBERT BYRON

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A BANKER!

The Love-Letters of Walter Bagehot and Eliza Wilson (1857-1858).. Edited by Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This small volume has come upon me in my old age most unexpectedly, dropped, as it were, from a sky which I had fancied had long since sunk below my horizon.

It is the last fruit of an aged tree, for its Editor has only within a fortnight, in her ninety-first year, dropped her once busy pen and joined in another world her five sisters, the daughters of the Right Honourable James Wilson, once upon a time a Financial Secretary to the Treasury in an administration of the late Lord Palmerston.

Wilson was also the founder, and for long the editor, of the *Economist* newspaper, and, what is more to our purpose, the father-in-law of Walter Bagehot—a man who, though he died in 1877, is still (*mirabile dictu*) an author very much alive in 1933.

Mrs. Russell Barrington has carried away with her, wherever she has gone to, a cluster of memories, most of which we dare say are irrecoverable, but some of them will outlast this present century now already languishing on its sick-bed.

These pertinacious, though not precisely popular memories, are those relating to Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, the Quantock Hills and Nether Stowey, Tom Poole and his friends and the Wedgwood Family, and now we may safely add Walter Bagehot himself. Nowhere can old memories rest more securely than in the West country under the mild shadow of the Quantocks !

But we must not allow ourselves to wander, half-forlorn, amid the mazes of a fading memory. Our concern is with these love-letters (*ex tempore* 1857–1858) of a Banker ! Who could have thought it possible at this time of day ! Bagehot may not have been what is called a great man or even a great author, but he was a great many other things. Have we not already implied that he was a banker (Stuckeys !)—he was also an editor and part proprietor of the before-mentioned *Economist*, to say nothing of a mainstay with Hutton and Townsend of the *Spectator* in its palmiest days. A financier of the highest standing, who corresponded on that footing with Mr. Gladstone in 1860, and who wrote during his honeymoon an article of weight and meaning on the " Sinking Fund." On inflation and deflation he could have held his own, and perhaps more than his own, to-day with Keynes or McKenna. So much for one side of him ! As a critic of literature, who can outstrip him ? As an ingrained humorist, full of quips and turns, Charles Lamb might have envied, if Lamb had ever known what envy was. A trained lawyer, whose book on the English Constitution is a text-book in all our Universities—but we must stop before we are half through. We have not even hinted at his mystical philosophy or his strange mixture of John Henry Newman, John Locke and John Mill—Lombard Street and the Invisible World !

And yet whoever would have thought of Walter Bagehot as a writer of love-letters ! But here he is, and it is as a writer of love-letters we must for a moment or two consider him.

Love-letters must be read, not written about, and Bagehot's love-letters are very unlike most people's. But there is no doubt whatever that he was a genuine lover, if not of the Shakespearian type, a true lover for all that.

He fell in love with his Eliza as quickly as even Sterne could have done with his. It was a case of love at first sight. It was not so with the lady. She had five sisters looking on, and also doubts of her own. An Irish Peer had cast sheep's eyes upon her and there was another lover in the offing who afterwards married a sister. Walter was a very black diamond. He had a ruddy complexion, a huge crop of black hair, and a somewhat loud voice. He was essentially an " intellectual," although from his love-letters you would never guess that he was already a writer of great distinction and a voracious reader. Some of Miss Wilson's sisters found him *saucy*—a very inapt word to apply to Walter Bagehot, but perhaps in the Wilson vocabulary " saucy " stood for " sarcastic."

Nor was the short courtship a very congenial one, for the lady had, or thought she had, bad headaches, and went to Edinburgh to be rubbed by a *medico* who in Bagehot's opinion was little better than a quack. Why, if Eliza had to be rubbed at all, why not in London or in Bristol ? But the lady was obdurate, so these Scottish rubbings enter too frequently into the love-letters. There is nothing romantic in being rubbed.

A specimen of these love-letters of a banker must be given, though it will be but a specimen, and the wise reader will insist upon reading for himself or herself the whole of this slender compilation. It is not often that we readers hold in our hands so genuine and sensible a book.

> I am not jealous of your hour's pleasant chat with Mr. Shipley. I begin to be afraid my never being jealous will make me seem indifferent, but though I have a very anxious and distressful judgment I have never suspicions beyond my judgment and understanding. I think you told me Mr. S. was very handsome. I believe I should be better suited to you than he would have been. I fear you over-rate my earnestness, but I have a spring and elasticity in my nature which will be very good for you. You would not have been happy with a person of idle habits however good otherwise. Some of your father's tastes have descended to you, and you could not have borne a *pottering* husband. Besides, I maintain that people in *practical* life have better, at least more *disciplined*, tempers. Nobody in real action ever has quite their own way, and therefore they understand how to concede a trifle or two at times and don't know that they are doing it, whereas idle people who have only themselves to consult can hardly give up a point, or if they do make such a merit of it, as to be even more provoking than their refusal. If you want arguments for marrying me I assure you I will write you an article on the subject.

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HISTORICAL FICTION

The Street of the Sandalmakers. By NIS PETERSEN. Translated from the Danish by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

During that far-off, ever-to-be-regretted period when subject-matter was still paramount in works of art, painters who specialised in historical themes usually followed one of two divergent courses. They might emulate the majestic Sir Alma Tadema, entitle their canvas "A Reading from Sophocles" or "An Hour with Sappho" and bathe the whole picture in an air of classic serenity, not a fold of a snowy peplum out of place; or by means of a mass of subsidiary detail, all naturalistic down to the smallest wine jar, try to produce an effect of stark verisimilitude. The same methods obtain in historical fiction. Here, for instance, is Mr. Nis Petersen, a conscientious Scandinavian writer, determined that the glory that was Rome shall not obscure from us the humanity of its slums and workshops. His picture does not err on the side of romanticism. The novelist's desire to remind his public that the ancient Romans lived and breathed as we do ourselves is expressed in a variety of "human touches"; his characters talk a curiously modern slang and seem to dare us to suspect that they are historical wax-works.

Yet waxworks, more or less, they always remain. It may be that the translation is at fault, though the English version is fluent and easy to read; or it may be that the sheer sprightliness of the author's modernism, the painstaking topicality of his narrative method, have an effect just the opposite of what was intended. "I'm as serious as a night-club at three in the morning." One is prepared to believe that resorts equivalent to the night-club did flourish in second-century Rome, for Mr. Petersen presumably knows best; but somehow their introduction at this point is specious rather than realistic. The human is not necessarily the up-to-date. Elsewhere, in a long and crowded story—the book runs to four hundred and ninety pages—there is evidence of a less intuitive form of research. Then the result is apt to suggest Becker's *Gallus*, re-edited by a wise-cracking American scenarist.

Such are the disadvantages of the author's method. Its advantages are that the story moves fast, that a string of episodes, each more colourful than the one that preceded it, flick cinematographically on to the screen and are developed there with considerable descriptive verve. We catch a glimpse of the legions entering Rome, after a hard campaign on the Eastern front, bringing with them the plague at their iron-shod heels, and see Galen and Lucian at the Temple of Peace. We hear a great deal about the Galileans. Most of our time spent in the author's company is passed among the thick of the Roman crowd, listening to the gossip and scandal of a populous neighbourhood. *The Street of the Sandalmakers* is not likely to recommend itself to any reader for whom the Graeco-Roman world is something more than a remote and fantastic dream. But it is vivid, Rabelaisian, picturesque; which should endear it to the novel-buying public.

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of the Board of Trade ; gives an account of various theories of the exchanges, dwelling most on that of Purchasing Power Parity, and states the Theory of Comparative Costs. Here one might wish for something rather more concrete. The bare skeleton of generalisations which Mr. Whale gives us is logically satisfying enough to the economist ; in a series such as the Home University Library, meant for readers who have neither preliminary training in economics nor the ordinary first year university student's opportunities of getting difficulties cleared up verbally, it is not quite so satisfactory. The development of the reasoning, itself necessarily not too easy, should not be held up while the reader pauses at every step to consider what are the concrete realities represented by the economist's categories. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether any other methods could have kept these chapters so remarkably compact while avoiding, as Mr. Whale has done, the deceptively easy path of crude first approximations.

The second half of the book is occupied with the regulation of international trade and in particular with the Protection—Free Trade debate. The arguments are familiar ; their arrangement according to the general economic principles underlying them is good. Like almost all writers on these topics, Mr. Whale noticeably changes his style as he passes from the abstractions of the earlier chapters to the practical policies of this section ; and his adjudication between the claims of internationalism, progress, and freedom on the one hand, and those of tradition, stability and regulation on the other, while no one could call it unfair, falls perhaps a little short of the ideals of positive as distinct from normative economics. Later on, discussing Import Boards, bargaining tariffs, Mr. Keynes's revenue tariff and export bounty schemes, import quotas, and exchange regulations of various kinds, he sheds the lecture-room style completely and becomes merely the common-sense citizen considering political possibilities in the light of his economic training. The change appears to be deliberate, and is, in a book of this sort, justifiable enough. It is a pity that there is at present no comprehensive analysis of these devices from the point of view of pure theory ; but to have attempted, by providing such a treatment here, to bring the whole book up to the standards of the first six chapters would have made it far too formidable a proposition for the public to which it is addressed.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

PROKOFIEFF'S SUITE from the opera *The Love of the Three Oranges* is usually represented in the concert-hall by two short movements taken from it—the March and the Scherzo. After hearing the whole suite recorded on Parlophone by Gaston Poulet and his orchestra (three 12in. E 11233-5), I am not surprised that it is usually curtailed. Except for the slow movement, "Le Prince et la Princesse," which has a certain rather etiolated charm, the less familiar numbers are very small beer. Superbly played and recorded they might have a purely physical exhilaration, but on this occasion the performance and reproduction are adequate, but not outstanding.

The opening movement, "Les Ridicules," is too disjunct to stand by itself ; and the second side, "Scene Infernale," though more continuous, is lacking in any save coloristic interest. It would do very well as an accompaniment to a factory scene on the films, but can hardly be taken seriously as music. The second record contains the two popular extracts and the slow movement mentioned above. On the third record is the final movement, "La Fuite," and the closing scene from the ballet "Chout." "La Fuite" is typical Prokofieff of the second rank—the type of movement that occurs in all his stage works—bustling and effective, but thin to a degree. There is more weight in the finale from "Chout," a dance movement in the cumulative Russian style first exploited by Glinka and Dargomizhky, and recalling the Kazatchok of Dargomizhky in its wintry gaiety.

From the point of view of interpretation Gieseking's performance of Franck's Symphonic Variations is definitely the best I have heard. Usually this work is made an excuse for the worst type of "pianism." I am glad to see that Gieseking keeps an exact steady tempo through all the variations, makes no accelerando in the passage leading to the finale, and refrains from turning the solo passage in the finale (marked "un pochettino ritenuto") into a swooning slow movement (if anything, he errs a little on the other side in this last instance). This dignified and musicianly interpretation is evidently based on a proper realisation of the form of the work, a realisation which few performers and critics seem to possess.

I can at the moment recall only one critic, Mr. Edwin Evans, who has correctly analysed the form of this work in a programme note. As he has pointed out, it would be more accurately described as Introduction, Variations and Finale. Like most Franck it is in three interlinked sections. The tune usually quoted in the programme as being the main theme is actually the theme of the introduction. The theme of the variations, though adumbrated in the introduction, does not really occur until page 17 of the full score (the beginning of the 2nd side in the records). There are then five variations of which the fifth (page 38 full score, opening of 3rd side in the records) merges imperceptibly into an intermezzo or bridge passage based on the introduction. This leads to the finale, which is based almost entirely on the opening theme, the variation theme only appearing as a bass to the second subject.

These records would be an ideal performance of Franck's least-faded work were it not for the occasional over-recording

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of the orchestra. Some of the tuttis have a sledge-hammer weight and the pizzicato chords leading into the theme sound like someone playing the banjo in one's ear. Since the conductor is Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra the London Philharmonic the fault must clearly be a mechanical one (Columbia two 12in. LX 192-3).

An occasional over-recording is also a fault in the otherwise excellent Philadelphia Orchestra records of Debussy's *Danse Sacrée et Danse Profane*. These dances are by no means Debussy at his best. The Danse Sacrée is very static and mannered and the Danse Profane sounds like a piece by Erik Satie, with the melodic line removed. Considering that these dances are child's play for the conductor but extremely difficult for the soloist, it is a little surprising to find that the label says Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra and makes no mention of the harpist. Are we to understand that Stokowski played the harp himself, directing the orchestra with an occasional magnetic glance?

One cannot say that Ravel's Sonatine for Piano has worn thin, for it has always been rather *maigrichonne*; at the same time it has a pleasantly enervating charm, like a relaxing week-end. It is issued in two 10in. records (H.M.V. B 4127–8), played by Franz Josef Hirt, who wisely refrains from reading into this little work more than is there. The recording is good and the playing neat, except in the finale, which is too hurried. (I doubt if anyone not acquainted with the Sonatine could realise the rhythmic pattern of the opening of the finale by listening to the record. Toccata writing of this type requires less pedal and more finger-work.) On the fourth side is Debussy's sombrely exotic *La Puerta del Vino*.

Not even Yehudi Menuhin it seems can satisfy his public without playing a few pieces that are totally unsuited to his instrument. The "Danse Espagnole" (I forget at the moment which of the three, and the record does not say) from Falla's *La Vida Breve* makes a pleasant bravura piece, but the same cannot be said of Debussy's *Minstrels*, or Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Vol du Bourdon* from *Tsar Saltan*. The Rimsky fragment loses all its character on being transposed from flute to violin, and the suggestions of the banjo which are delicate and piquant in Debussy's piano piece become merely vulgar when played on plucked strings. Every conceivable violinistic stunt is used in this arrangement, which is a monstrous perversion of the original. Except in the Debussy, which is a surprising lapse, the playing is of the order we expect from this fine artist. (One 10in. H.M.V. D.A. 1280.)

The late arrival of many records, which has unavoidably given a very scrappy quality to these brief notes, prevents me from making more than a cursory mention of such classical recordings as the *Freischutz* Overture, played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Adrian Boult (H.M.V. D.B. 1678), Brahms' *Tragic* Overture by the same combination (H.M.V., two 12in. D.B. 1803–4), with three of Brahms' Hungarian dances on the fourth side), and Tchaikovsky No. 5 in E minor, played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Leo Blech (H.M.V., five 12in. 2276–80).

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PROBLEM 14.—THE ANARCHISTS

"One-eye" Davis looked up and glared at the three other occupants of the dirty little room. "Awright," he said, "that's settled. The Butcher'll tell off as many of the others as 'e can get at to-night, without running into the dicks, to turn up 'ere fust thing termorrer morning. When we get 'ere, the Butcher'll arrange us round the table in any order 'e likes and we'll spin fer 'oo throws the three dice to count us out as per usual. I dunno 'ow many'll be 'ere termorrer, dependin' on whether the Butcher can shake off the dicks, but any'ow, everybody 'ere now'll be present termorrer."

The "counting-out as per usual" was the Anarchists' habitual method of picking a man for a dirty job, such as the murder they were now planning. One of them arranged the seating around a table as he chose, while another threw the three dice once. The total number of pips on the uppermost faces of the three dice (each die having the usual 1 to 6 pips on its faces) was used to determine the count-out as follows: if it were, say 4, then counting clockwise from the occupant of the only armchair as No. 1, the fourth man would stand out; then counting from the next man in order, the fourth man would stand out, and so on until only one man was left sitting at the table, and he would be the man chosen to do the job.

Now, the Butcher knew perfectly well that the assassin would have very little chance of escape after the murder and resolved to arrange matters, if possible, so that the choice could not possibly fall on himself. He knew also that he could easily manage to warn all three absent members if he really wanted to do so (and it was, of course, a certainty that every man warned would turn up), and that he had an excellent excuse for omitting to warn any or all of them. He also realised that here at last was the opportunity for which he had waited so long, to get rid of One-eye, whom he had secretly held in deadly hatred ever since the Belloni affair, and therefore decided to give him the seat where he would have the greatest chance of being chosen as the assassin.

How many absent members did he warn to attend, and, counting clockwise from the armchair as No. 1, at what seats did he place himself and One-eye?

PROBLEM 12.—SPLITZKI

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CHEAPER AND CHEAPER MONEY—AMERICAN RAILROAD BONDS—UNDERGROUND AND METROPOLITAN

A RECORD was set up in the City last week. The Treasury borrowed on the cheapest terms ever known. Treasury bills were placed at 6/9.27 per cent., the lowest rate since Treasury bills were first issued in 1877. The new 2½ per cent. Conversion Loan is now quoted in the market at 94½ to yield £2 13*s.* per cent. annually and £2 18*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to redemption in 1949. Assuming that there are no unpleasant surprises in the Budget, the gilt-edged market is feeling more than ever confident of reducing the long-term rate of interest for first-class borrowers to 3 per cent. This means that 3 per cent. Local Loans, now at 89½, will sell at 100, and 2½ per cent. Consols, now 76¾, at 83½. The authorities appear to be somewhat embarrassed by the super-abundance of money. The Bank of England, with a stock of gold of over £170 millions, has been busy selling securities in order to neutralise the effect of its gold purchases, which, since January 18th, have amounted to £50 millions. No doubt the Government is fearful that it will be forced by this display of dirt-cheap money to do something on the loan-expenditure lines of provocative Mr. Keynes. The fact is, that if money can be borrowed on long-term by municipal authorities at 3 per cent. or under, houses can be built for the working-man at rentals of well under 8*s.* a week. Hampstead has already a housing scheme which enables 10*s.* rentals to be offered with loan charges at their present rates. Housing is pre-eminently the kind of remunerative capital works which the State can initiate without fear of budgetary upset. Few governments have had such a glorious opportunity of making money serve the nation.

* * *

Let us turn to the American scene. Insolvency is still spreading. Some of the banks which have been reopened have been closed for good, and an important insurance company, Globe and Rutgers, has been taken over by the New York State Insurance Superintendent. Widespread municipal defaults are threatened. Receivership for the railroads cannot be much longer delayed. Those of us who are appalled by the American agricultural mortgage problem should consider the railroad debt. There are some $11,000,000,000 of railroad bonds outstanding, of which nearly half is owned by the banks and insurance companies and about one-third by institutions as endowments. Whether America can follow the British path of financial orthodoxy becomes every week more doubtful. The orthodox or cheap money way out for America implies a preliminary and perhaps lengthy period of scaling down of debts and budget balancing which, after the deflation already suffered, may be too drastic a remedy. Some fanatics would no doubt carry financial orthodoxy to the point of national suicide, but it is good to hear from the high priest of orthodoxy, Mr. H. Parker Willis (vide the *Financial News*) that the Roosevelt administration is surrounded by a "group of bad advisers who are firmly wedded to the managed-currency-inflation-planned money-blunder." It is significant that Wall Street is now talking inflation as the only way out. President Roosevelt, who so miraculously restored confidence without a single constructive action, has undoubtedly lost face.

* * *

Holders of British railway stocks who feel aggrieved at their position should consider the plight of the American railroads. Apart from Atchison, Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western and Union Pacific, none of the leading railroads is now earning its bond interest. The financial position of many of them is desperate, as the following figures indicate.

	1932 Net Trading Loss after fixed charges.	Proportion of fixed charges earned.	Current Assets at 31 Dec., 1932*	Borrowings from R.F.C.†
	In million $	%	In million $	In million $
Baltimore & Ohio	6.3	81	Def. 9.0	70.1
Chicago & North Western ..	11.2	34	Def. 8.5	30.2
Erie	3.1	81	Def. 2.4	13.4
Missouri Pacific‡	10.2	52	Def. 16 1	20.1
New York Central	18.2	71	Def. 32.4	20.5
Southern.. ..	11.2	37	Surp. 5.9	14.7

* Surplus of current liabilities over current assets, except for Southern.

† Borrowings from Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

‡ This Company has to meet a bond maturity of $34½ millions in May.

All the British railways were able to earn their debenture and guaranteed stock interest last year and their debentures are quoted at respectable levels on the Stock Exchange. Many of the American railroad bonds, however, are quoted at prices from 25 to 50. For example :

	Price (and int. N.Y.)	Yield % Annual	Yield % Incl. Redn.
Chicago & North Western Gen. Mort. 3½% 1987 ..	40⅜	8.53	8.65
Erie 5% 1st Cons. Gen. Mort. 4% 1996	46	8.65	8.68
Missouri Pacific 1st Refunding Mort. 5% 1977 Series F ..	25¾	19.23	19.45
Southern Dev. & Gen. Mort. 4% 1956 Series A	22	18.17	19.18

All these bonds have a direct mortgage on certain lengths of track. Assuming that the companies go into receivership this year, there is yet a good chance that these bonds will remain undisturbed in their mortgages and that they will emerge with something more than half their old par value. Surely these American railroad bonds are better speculations than most American equities, the prices of which have not yet discounted the fall in earnings and the dividend reductions of 1933.

* * *

The other week a bull took offence and charged our Toreador, intent on giving him a tossing. The occasion was the London Passenger Bill, and our issue, March 11th. Toreador had said that "if greater security were desired" Underground Electric ordinary shares might be exchanged for Metropolitan Railway ordinary stock. This was the red rag to our bull of Underground ordinary shares. Under the Bill 5 per cent. may be paid on the "C" stock of the London Passenger Transport Board for the first two years. Thereafter 5½ per cent. with a maximum of 6 per cent. In view of the decline in earnings, everyone will admit that 5 per cent. on the "C" stock for the first two years is doubtful. If so, should the "C" stock be quoted in the market at more than 80? Underground Electric ordinary shareholders receive £115 "C" stock for every 100 ordinary shares (plus a little extra in outside interests). Metropolitan ordinary stockholders receive £67 10*s.* "C" stock for every £100, but may take £100 guaranteed Trust Stock bearing 3¼ per cent. for fifteen years and 3 per cent. for ten years with an option to convert into the "C" stock at any time. This trust stock will be the best security in the whole scheme and should stand on at least a 4 per cent. yield basis. Thus we may make the following calculation. Sell 100 Underground shares at 19*s.* 3*d.* and buy £133 Metropolitan ordinary stock at 72. You lose a potential £115 "C" stock at, say, 80 = £92 and gain £133 Trust stock at, say, 81 = £108. The little extra which the Underground shareholders receive is a holding in Associated Equipment Company and other interests which used to bring in a dividend of 2 per cent. The Salter Committee Report has caused a slump in commercial motor building, and not more than 1 per cent. can be counted on from this source—capitalised at, say, 16.

* * *

The London Passenger Transport Board will have a capital of £111,370,057, of which £62,780,322 is in A, T.F.A, and L.A stocks, £24,250,708 in B stock, and £24,339,027 in C stock. It may be of interest to set out Sir William McLintock's estimate of the revenue of the London Passenger Transport Board based upon the average annual earnings of the traffic companies for the three years to December 31st, 1930, and of local authorities for the three years to March 31st, 1931, with an addition in respect of new debenture issues. This estimate, which does not reflect any economies as a result of the unification, amounted to £5,798,602, which was applied as follows :

	£
Interest payable to local authorities	59,613
Interest on A., T.F.A., and L.A. Stock	2,906,434
Interest on "B" Stock	1,212,535
Interest on "C" Stock at 5%	1,216,951
Balance to reserve fund	403,069
	£5,798,602

It should be added that the net income of the common fund of the Underground group of companies in 1932 was 5.4 per cent. below the 1929–30 average, while the L.C.C. tramway receipts have been running about 3 per cent. below the 1931–32 level. If, as Toreador suggested, the Transport Board paid 4½ per cent. on its "C" stock for the first year it would be fortunate.

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